

T H E
Prostitutes of QUALITY;
O R
ADULTERY â-la-mode.

B E I N G
Authentic and genuine MEMOIRS
of several Persons of the highest
Quality.

The Bed of a KING cannot sanctify Leudness,
nor the Title of COUNTESS wipe away the
Name of a Prostitute.

ANON.



L O N D O N :
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THE



It is not
Contemplation with the
Chains which both Art

is to be seen to vie with
to produce in the Kingdom
abstract him to avoid the
habitués that tempted me
and Menon. Example

THE
J. B. COOPER, 11, MARK LANE.

LONDON
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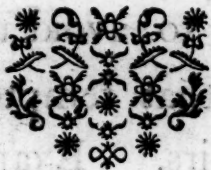
P R E F A C E.



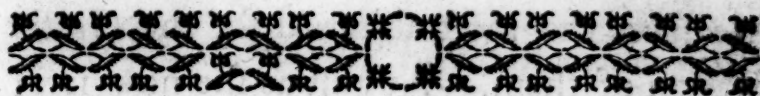
IT is not to indulge the Reader's Contemplations with the various Charms which both Art and Nature seem to vie with each other to produce in this Kingdom, but to instruct him to avoid the Vices of its Inhabitants, that tempted me to write these Memoirs. Example has infinitely more Power than Precept, to sway the Mind of Man, either to Good or Ill. — To behold SIN in its naked Deformity, is the most certain
Method

P R E F A C E.

Method to oblige us to love VIRTUE.
—For this Reason I have unlock'd the
Bosoms of the *guilty* Great, to disco-
ver how little Satisfaction there is to
be found in base Actions of whatever
Kind; and how much deceived those
People are, who, blinded by a Glare
of Grandeur, imagine Happiness con-
sists in Wealth and Titles.



THE



T H E

Prostitutes of QUALITY ;

O R

Adultery â-la-mode.




RABELLA was never handsome, and has for many Years been past her Bloom, yet is she Mistress of all the seducing Arts the Devil ever taught the most cunning of her Sex—She has been ever a profess'd and open Devotee to that Fiend so many of these wretched Islanders adore, and to satisfy the raging Inspiration, spares no Pains nor Stratagems:—She cannot behold a Form compleat, without Feeling those Desires,

fires, which never fail to prompt her to Measures the most abhorr'd for the Gratification of them.—August as she now is in all the Glare of Pomp and Grandeur, she was once on a level with the Meanest of that Crowd she now despises.—Born of a low Extraction, and of Parents remarkable only for base Actions; she had not arrived at the Age of Seventeen, before she was a noted Prostitute: Nor was this scandalous Profession the most vile she follow'd——She associated herself with a Gang, who if they had not been more trusty to each other, than Persons of that Sort generally are, must have expiated their Crimes with their Deaths, and that in the most shameful Manner the Law has the Power to inflict;—yet, in the Midst of all these Disadvantages, a young Nobleman, whose Name is *Horatio*, thought her worthy his Embraces.—He maintain'd her in a Manner far above her Hopes—really loved her, and had that perfect Confidence in her Fidelity, that he introduc'd his Friends to her Acquaintance—made Entertainments for them at her Lodgings—and

when-

whenever any Business call'd him out, made no Scruple of leaving her alone with any of those he had brought there. — Among the Number of them, was a certain Duke, who takes his Title from a Northern County ; from frequent Conversations with him, she had Opportunities of practising those Insinuations which seldom fail'd to gain the Point she aim'd at — therefore could not be unsuccessful on a Man, whose Credulity seem'd to invite Deceit. — He became in a little Time wholly charm'd with her — thought her the best Woman in the World — ador'd her Humour, and doubted not but that there were uncommon Transports to be found in her Embraces, since he every Day saw Instances of the Fondness with which she was regarded by *Horatio*.

Being become his Rival, he ceased to be his Friend, and was continually labouring to persuade her, that he was unworthy of so great a Joy as the Possession of her. — The artful Creature immediately found his Design ; and one Day

as he was sitting with her, when Word was brought that *Horatio* was coming to visit her, she burst into a flood of well-disssembled Tears; and as tho' she knew not what she said, cry'd out, *Oh Heavens! now must I be sacrificed!*——The believing Duke was in a Rapture at these Words, but had not time to express it, because *Horatio* was coming up Stairs.——But the next Time he had an Opportunity, he told her that he had long been in Love with her——that nothing could have given him a Joy adequate to the Knowledge, it was not Inclination which had engaged her to live in that Manner with *Horatio*; and that if she could be prevailed on to quit him, his whole Life and Fortune should be devoted to her.

This was all she wanted; she knew there were Advantages to be made in being Mistress to the easy-natur'd Duke, which she could not hope for, in a Continuance of an Amour with a Man who had possess'd her, and who was not of a Disposition to be too much imposed on.——He had lately denied her some Extravagancies

she had ask'd of him, and she began to think her Power with him on the Decline; therefore stay'd not to be twice entreated to comply with what she so much desired, and believ'd so much to her Interest; and ordering her Things to be pack'd up immediately, went away in his Grace's Coach, without giving herself any Uneasiness how the Count would take so sudden an Alteration in her Humour ——— for many Years she reign'd sole and triumphant Empress of his Heart——managed his Fortune——took upon her the government of all his Affairs, and at last, (Oh shame to Nobility!) her Artifice, and his mean Notions of true Honour and Greatness, prevail'd on him to marry her!——After that, she used him as, indeed, he deserved.——The most humble and obliging Mistress was now turn'd the most haughty and imperious Wife; and if his raising her to that Dignity justly subjected him to the Ridicule of all Companies abroad, her Behaviour to him made him infinitely more so at Home——he became the Jest of his

own Servants—he was despised by his Enemies, and pitied by his Friends.——Seeing, and too late repenting the Folly he had been guilty of, the Grief of it threw him into a lingering Disease, of which he died.——The luxurious Dutcheſs was now at Liberty to take the full ſwing of her Deſires; and, accordingly threw out her Lure for all the amorous Part of Mankind.——Countleſs were the Numbers ſhe found means to attract, but none felt a ſtronger or more laſting Impreſſion than *Lothario*, a Gentleman, who by his Principles relating to other Affairs, one would not have imagin'd ſhould have been ſo eaſily drawn in by one of her's; but there are few young Hearts that are Proof againſt the Charms of Grandeur——Rich Clothes, a Blaze of Jewels, a ſplendid Equipage, are apt to dazzle the unwary Gazer, and take the Senſe, tho' they cannot reach the Soul.——Then ſhe had Arts to ſupply what Age had taken from her, and make even Wrinkles pleaſing——beſides, we are not to imagine that the Poſſeſſion of her antiquated Beauties was his only Aim
—he

——— he has a good deal of Ambition in his Nature, and 'tis not to be doubted but that the Hope of raising his Fortune by her Means, had at least an equal Share in the Inducement ——— Another Argument also may be alledged in his Behalf ——— he had from his Childhood been absent from *England*, and but just return'd from his Travels, when he was introduc'd to her Acquaintance: therefore, had not the Opportunity of being let into the black Part of her Character; and as Youth is seldom without some Vanity, was easily flatter'd into a Belief that he was the only happy Man; and that those Favours he receiv'd from the Dutchess were the Effects of the most tender Passion.——'Tis true, she took all imaginable Pains to confirm him in this Opinion, and to that End would needs have him with her at a Castle she had situated on a Bank of one of the finest and most delectable Rivers in the whole World.——Here it was she used to pass the Summer-Season, and here she now indulg'd herself with this young *Enamorado* in all the riotous Delights of Sense,

'till he, too generous, too sincere, for such a prostituted and polluted Passion, fearing his living with her in that publick Manner wou'd be a Blot on her Reputation, (which I have already told you, he was ignorant was Scandal-proof) begg'd she would restrain her Raptures from the Eyes of her Servants, and those who visited her, and not with lavish Fondness permit him to remain in the same House with her ; but only give him leave to wait on her at proper Times, as tho' he came to solicit some Favour from her, not to receive one.——This Request, tho' dictated by the tenderest Regard, put the haughty Dutchess into an inconceivable Rage, and he had scarce time to finish what he had to say on that Head, before she interrupted him —— “ And are you weary
 “ of living with me, *Lothario, said she* :
 “ ungrateful Man ! are you already satiated with my Embraces ! —Has a Woman of my Quallity, my Good-nature,
 “ my Sincerity, and Love, no Charms to hold you ?——Is it, —— ay, too sure
 “ 'tis that, ——like all your Sex you are
 “ fond

“ fond of Variety! — Novelty is the
 “ only Charm to please you! — you
 “ have some other View, some little triffl-
 “ ing Creature rivals me in your Esteem
 “ — and now you’d leave me, — you
 “ languish to be happier, than ’tis in my
 “ Power to make you: — But go (*conti-*
 “ *nu’d she, pretending to weep*) be gone —
 “ be gone for ever from my Sight — be
 “ gone, and boast you have forsaken a
 “ Woman whom your Superiors wou’d
 “ die to obtain — and one, who lov’d
 “ you with a Fondness which nothing but
 “ your Ingratitude can equal.”

These Words, and the moving Gestures
 which accompany’d them, quite dissolv’d
 the tender Soul of him they were address’d
 to — and wholly innocent of her Re-
 proaches, he cou’d not bear the Grief he
 thought she suffer’d: — “ Forbear, my
 “ lovely Dutchess! *said he, (kissing and*
 “ *embracing her)* — forbear to wound me
 “ by such unjust Suspensions, — think not
 “ I ever can forget your Goodness, — be-
 “ lieve me, ’twas out of the extremest Re-

“gard to your Honour I offer’d this
 “Violence to myself—and chose rather
 “to be less frequently happy than I have
 “been in your dear Arms, than endure you
 “should suffer by the malicious Censures
 “of a detracting World.——O do not
 “wrong my Love——my endless Grati-
 “tude——believe it as it is, the highest
 “Proof of tender Passion urg’d me to this
 “Proposal, and that I wou’d chuse to
 “die a thousand Deaths to make you
 “happy.”

These Expressions, and some other
 Arguments he made use of, a little
 pacify’d her, and beginning to consider
 more calmly on what he had said, she
 cou’d not help acknowledging, that to live
 together in that Manner must render her
 Infamous to all who knew it; yet, not a-
 ble to resolve to Part with him, she be-
 thought her of a Pretence for detaining
 him, which, to those who were ignorant
 of the Affair, might seem plausible enough
 ——it was to make him Gentlemen of her
Horse;

Horse; but this, tho' a Post no way un-
 becoming a Gentleman, who had not a-
 bundance besides his Birth and Accomplish-
 ments to depend on, was not at all agree-
 able to the Ambition of *Lothario*——He
 had been made to believe that he should
 have something infinitely Superior by the
 Favour of this Lady, and could not de-
 scend so far beneath his high-rais'd Hopes,
 as to accept of a Service in her Family.—
 He palliated his Refusal however in as hand-
 some a Manner as he could, and whatever
 her Thoughts were, she did not seem to
 be disgusted at it —— but still persisting
 in her Resolution of detaining him, pre-
 sently had another Stratagem in her Head.
 ——She told him she would have him pre-
 tend Courtship to some Lady of her Ac-
 quaintance——that she would seem to en-
 courage it, and by that Means, his con-
 tinuing in her House, and to manage her
 Affairs as he had done, would be look'd
 on no other than to engage her to be his
 Friend in this.

He

He was naturally of a gay Disposition, and was well enough pleased to fool away a Summer in this Manner——and reminding her Grace of the Promise she had made him, that when they came to Town she would make Interest among her Friends for a Settlement for him, promised never to mention a Removal from her.—— She swore to perform all he desired—— but in the mean time, as they had agreed together, she made a Ball, to which all the young Ladies and Gentlemen round the Country were invited.—— Had his Design been to have made love in earnest, he might have been at a Loss where to fix among such a number of Beauties; but as his Courtship was to be but a Feint, he gave Chance the Libery of determining on whom the Lot should fall—— The agreeable *Amelia*, a young Widow of a great Jointure, and a pretty deal of ready Money in her own Possession, happened to be the Woman—— she had, to the rest of her Advantages, an unblemish'd Character, and was in every Thing a Match far above
his

his hopes.—He would have been glad to have been her Husband in good earnest, and found his Addressee were receiv'd in such a manner, as he need not despair of one Day being so——but he knew the Dutchess's Temper too well, to dare to communicate his Sentiments to her on this Occasion. But his endeavouring to conceal it, was in vain; she perceiv'd it, and to make herself yet more valuable in his Esteem, by a Proof that his Happiness was dearer to her than her own, told him, that if he could like *Amelia* she wou'd advise him to marry her—— “ You may
 “ be her *Husband* (*said she*) and yet remain
 “ my *Lover*, and as I have promised to
 “ make your Fortune, I know not any
 “ Way more effectual than by helping you
 “ to a Wife, such as *Amelia*.”

It wou'd be impossible to represent with how much Satisfaction *Lotbario* heard her speak in this Manner——she read it in his Countenance, but forbore testifying her Displeasure at it; and assuring him she wou'd do every thing in her Power to forward his Intentions, withdrew to her Closet to

ruminate what Course to take, not to do as she had promis'd, but to render his Endeavours fruitless.

She now began to hate him heartily, her Pride was shock'd to think he cou'd consent to lie in any other Arms than hers, but resolv'd not to turn him off, till she had provided herself of another equally qualify'd to please her.

It was in a very different Manner the open-hearted *Lothario* contemplated on this Affair; he was charm'd with the imagin'd Generosity of the *Dutchess*, and thought of nothing but continuing her eternal Slave, in spite of those Engagements his Interest made him hope for with the other.—He notwithstanding play'd his Part so well with *Amelia*, as to make his counterfeit Passion be believ'd a real one, and she was almost on the Point of returning it with more Sincerity, than indeed it merited, when the designing *Dutchess* prevented her, by giving her some private Hints, that he was not the Man of Honour he wou'd seem; —

“ I wou’d have you, my dear *Amelia* (*said she, with an Air of the most tender Friendship*) I wou’d have you not to believe too soon —— the Hearts of Men are dark—— *Lotbario* I believe has as much Honour as any of that Sex, which take a Pleasure in undoing ours——methinks I wou’d have you make some Tryal of his Faith——wou’d have you be more reserv’d in your Behaviour—— Or, suppose you countenanced the Addresses of some other ; —— endeavor to pique him some Way, and you will soon discover whether his Professions are sincere.”

These words had the Effect they aim’d at ; *Amelia* not imagining the *Dutchess* had any Reasons for Insincerity in an Affair she had brought on herself, and had seem’d so much to encourage, believ’d indeed, that there was Cause for doubting the Truth of *Lotbario*, and in every thing behav’d to him after, as she had advis’d : She admitted his Visits less frequently than she had been accusom’d ; and when
 she

she saw him, scarce spoke, or if she did, it was in the coldest Manner; and receiv'd a Gentleman, whom he knew had declar'd himself her Lover, with all the Gaiety imaginable before his Face.

This Alteration gave him a Shock which it wou'd be very difficult to represent; he complain'd of it to the *Dutchess*, and entreated to know what she thought of it, but instead of meeting her Compassion, he excited her Mirth; she fell a laughing, which somewhat surprizing him, “ How, “ Madam, (*cry'd he*) is the Ruin of those “ Expectations you had fired me with of “ no more Consequence to you? Are you “ pleas'd that I lose all Hope of ever being “ Master of the Fortune of *Amelia*? — “ No, *answer'd the dissembling Dutchess*, “ but I rejoice that you have so good a “ Security of it——I ought, indeed, “ to ask your Pardon for one Thing, which “ is, my suffering you to feel a Moment's “ Pain, for this little Artifice, which I was “ appriz'd of before it was acted.”——

How

“ How, Madam ! *interrupted he*, was it
 “ then but a Feint ? for Heaven’s Sake
 “ unfold this Mystery. No more upon
 “ my Soul, (*resumed she*) she made me the
 “ Confidant of her Designs ; — she told
 “ me that you were dearer to her than her
 “ Life, and that nothing should hinder her
 “ from giving herself to you ; but (added
 “ the vain Creature) I will first have the
 “ Pleasure of tyrannizing a little — he
 “ must know a little of *Purgatory* before
 “ he arrives at *Heaven* — he shall
 “ dance Attendance — know Hopes,
 “ and Fears, Suspence, Perplexity, Un-
 “ certainty, Jealousy and Impatience —
 “ tremble at my Frowns — be in an
 “ Extasy when I smile — die one Day
 “ —revive the next—grow lean and
 “ pale, and show all the Symptoms of a
 “ despairing Lover. — In this Manner
 “ (*continu’d the crafty Dutchess*) did she
 “ run on for a whole Hour, to all which
 “ I made but slight Answers ; for when
 “ once a Woman sets a Resolution to give
 “ herself Airs of this Nature, it is not all
 “ that can be said to her will prevent
 “ her — I would therefore have you
 “ countermine her Stratagems, pretend
 “ love

“ love to the first Woman that comes in
 “ your Way, and instead of gratifying
 “ her Pride with discovering any Uneasiness
 “ for her Behaviour, turn the Tables on herself, and let her feel in reality, those Disquiets, which the Coquetry of her Humour is preparing for you.
 “ — But will not that (*cry'd he*) entirely disoblige her? — You need not
 “ fear it (*answer'd she*) you have her by the Heart, and the Apprehensions of losing what she loves, will make her yield at once, and ease you of the Pains of further Affiduity. They had a great deal more Discourse to the same Purpose — the result of which was, his submitting to her Reasons, and better Judgment in the Caprices of her own Sex.”

Lydia, a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, of a very great Fortune, an agreeable Person, and eminent Extraction, was the Person pitch'd upon to give *Amelia* Cause of Jealousy. — The *Dutchess* easily found Means to bring them acquainted, gave him Opportunities of being alone with her, and met with enough

to gratify her Ill-nature from the different Complaints of the Persons she impos'd on. — *Amelia*, who was the farthest in the World from any such Designs as she was accus'd of, and truly lov'd *Lotbario*, was touch'd to the Soul at his Ingratitude—*Lydia* soon found the Effects of his persuasive Art, and was little less enamour'd than the other; — she grew almost mad, when the *Dutchess* (perceiving this last Affair went on more successfully on *Lotbario* Side than she had imagin'd, and that there was a Probability he might in Time feel the Passion he at present but pretended) told her of his Engagements with *Amelia*— and *Lotbario* was doubly perplex'd, to find so ill an Effect of what the *Dutchess* had suggested on the fair Widow, who resolv'd rather to die, than to recede from that Strangeness the Belief of his Inconstancy had oblig'd her to put on; and *Lydia* justly suspecting, that he who had been false to one, might probably be so to another, grew also reserv'd and cold. — Every one had their Vexations, and the incendiary *Dutchess* had all the Satisfaction she could wish in triumphing over her more lovely Rivals in the Affections of the Man she

she liked ; and at the same Time, revenging herself on him for harbouring a Thought of bestowing any Part on another, of that Tenderneſs ſhe deſir'd wholly to engroſs.

In this Faſhion the Myſtery was carry'd on for about two Months, and though *Lotbario* was a Man of a good deal of Penetration, he ſaw not into the Meaning of it.—He had ſo implicit a Faith in the *Dutcheſs*, that he never once ſuſpected ſhe had ſaid any thing but what was extremely to his Advantage ; and growing weary of ſoliciting theſe Ladies, who both continuing their Reſerve, ſat down contented to indulge his Raptures, with the only Woman, who, as yet, had the Power of giving them.

Lydia, who really lov'd him with a tranſcendancy of Paſſion, ſuffer'd it at laſt to over-rule her Pride ; — his deſiſting from viſiting her, made her believe ſhe had entirely loſt him ; but reſolving to know her Doom, however ſhe might be able to endure the Certainty, ſhe ſent to
deſire

desire he would come to her——but he return'd, that some very great Business made it impossible for him to come himself.

This cold Indifference confirm'd her in what, she before had too much Reason to suspect. —— She writ to upbraid him with his Breach of Faith; he had too much Complaisance not to answer her Letter, and not knowing well what Excuse to make, evaded a direct Reply, and had recourse to an *Ænigma* taught him by the *Dutchess*, (who, it is probable, had herself been formerly put off by the same Stratagem;) that there was an indispensable Necessity for his refraining his Visits, but that he ador'd her, and ever should do so, though he was oblig'd to leave to Time the Proof of his Honour and Constancy, and the unfolding a Riddle, which at present seem'd so ambiguous.——It would be too tedious to repeat the various Disorders which seiz'd the Soul of poor *Lydia* at the Receipt of this Letter; she had too good an Understanding not to perceive the Deceit of it, and the

the War between her Love and Resentment had like to have been fatal to her. — She conceal'd her Grief, as well as she was able, from the Observations of all who knew her, but could not forbear writing to him once more. The Contents of her Letter were these,

LYDIA, to the ungrateful LOTHARIO.

“ **A**S easy as you found it to betray a
 “ Heart unpractis'd in Deceit, you
 “ will perceive it a Task more difficult to
 “ impose a Belief on any Woman of com-
 “ mon Understanding, that Love is of a
 “ Nature to fight against itself. — — — None
 “ influenc'd by that Deity, are Masters
 “ enough of their Actions to decree any
 “ Thing to the Prejudice of their Passion ;
 “ — — — nor need I wait the slow Result
 “ of Time, to inform me you are no
 “ longer under the Subjection of that
 “ Power, whose Effects I feel too sen-
 “ sibly in my own Soul, to imagine it can
 “ work

“ work such contrary ones in yours. ———
 “ I will not occasion you the Guilt of any
 “ further Denials of your Apostacy, by
 “ asking what it is has influenc’d you to
 “ proceed with me in this Manner. ———
 “ I can easily guess at it, and shall, I
 “ hope, reap this Advantage from your
 “ Perjury, never to believe any of your
 “ Sex again. — I desire no other Re-
 “ venge for my abused Sincerity, than
 “ that you may, some Time or other, find
 “ a Woman fair enough to create a real
 “ Passion in you; and as insensible of it,
 “ as you are of mine.

L Y D I A.

There are but a very few, not influenc’d
 by Cupid, whom such a Letter would have
 at all affected: But *Lothario*, though he
 knew nothing of those Delicacies which
 Love inspires, had a natural Tenderness in
 his Soul, which would not suffer him to
 believe another was in Pain, without feel-
 ing some Share of it himself: — But not
 hav-

having it in his Power to make her happy (all the Affections his Heart was, as yet, susceptible of, being in Favour of the *Dutchess*) he from this Time forbore writing to her, and carefully avoided her Sight; justly supposing, that where there is a real Passion, such a Behaviour was the only Way to extinguish it. — And indeed, when a Person is incapable of making a Return, it is infinitely more generous at once to shew it, than by a pretended Kindness, endeavour to preserve a fruitless Flame, and rack the Heart possess'd of it with the Tortures of Suspence.

The soothing *Dutchess* perceiving her Favourite in some little Inquietudes, for those which by her Instigations he had occasion'd in the Breast of *Lydia*; the sooner to restore him to his former Gaiety, she removed to another fine Seat she had some Leagues farther in the Country, where (as her large Experience of the Temper of Mankind made her not doubt) Variety of Conversation and new Faces would easily obliterate the Memory of former

former ones.—A little Time confirm'd the Truth of her Suggestions; — the unhappy Maid no more had a Place in his Remembrance; — he no longer regretted the Injury he had done her; — no longer pity'd the Woes he had reduc'd her to.

But it was not consistent with the Justice of the Gods, that he should for ever triumph in his Insensibility; — the Hour was now arrived, which should inform him what Kind of Torments those are which spring from Tendernefs abused, and disappointed Love: — But see! he comes! — I will oblige him to relate to you the History of his Amours; — a History, he has a thousand Times in the most bitter Anguish of his Soul repeated to the unanswering Groves and silent Streams. — He has been since the truest, most faithful, and zealous of Love's Devotees; — the most religious Observer of his Laws: — but alas! it is not in the Power of Cupid

to reward his Constancy ; — Supreme Justice denies the amorous God the Privilege of Blessing him, who has once been false ; — he must, at least for a Time, suffer the same Soul-rending Agonies his Ingratitude inflicted on the unfortunate *Lydia*. — But I will no longer defer the Satisfaction of a Curiosity I have rais'd ; — he shall himself relate the Particulars of this Affair.





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Lothario, and the False Femina.

I Had not been many Days at *Ponray*, (the Name of that fine Mansion the *Dutchess* had carry'd me to, in order to divert a Melancholy then growing on me) before, among many others who came to bid her welcome to that Place, I distinguish'd the agreeable *Femina*, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman, who lived not far from thence: — It was from her Eyes I first receiv'd the Darts of Passion; — those pleasing Pains, which thrill'd my glowing Veins while gazing on her: — the uneasy Languishments I suffer'd in her Absence, — the Hopes, the Fears, the soft

soft Anxieties, the thousand nameless, unutterable Perturbations, which every Look and Motion of that sweet Disturber rais'd in my Soul, immediately inform'd me, that I had been mistaken in myself; and that all those Desires I formerly had felt for others, had been no more than light Amusements, — the Effects of Youth, Idleness, and the Warmth of Nature; and far unworthy of the Name of *Love*. — Her frequent Visits to the *Dutchess* gave me, in a little Time, an Opportunity of declaring my Sentiments; and I had the Blessing, (as I then thought it) to find they were receiv'd in a Manner more favourable than I could have hoped. I made her Grace acquainted with my Proceeding, but not with the true State of my Heart; and she encouraged me in this Amour, as she had always done in the Beginnings of the others. — She told me, that to her Knowledge, the Father of *Jemima* was vastly rich; and had often said before her, That if she marry'd with his Consent he would give her twenty-thousand Pound, which was the same he had bestow'd with another

another on *Adrastus* a Gentleman who tho' he had been formerly no better than a Town-Rake, and spent the best Part of his Fortune, had wound himself so far into the old Gentleman's Favour, as to gain his Daughter, and that Dowry with her.

All these Circumstances made me not not doubt but I should make my Character and Affairs appear in a Light which would not be disagreeable to the Father:—I had no Apprehensions but from the young Lady, and those were only such as Love is never unaccompany'd with; and which her obliging Treatment of me, in a short Time render'd less and less formidable.

The *Dutchess*, who from Time to Time would needs be inform'd of all the Particulars of our Conversations, did not fail to give me Advice how to behave, in a Manner, which, if I had not been really in Love, would have seem'd the most likely to succeed; but being now too well experienc'd in that Passion, had but

little Occasion for her Instruction:—but while she appear'd so zealous for my Service, was acting in a quite contrary Manner, and endeavouring to ruin me in the Opinion of that Lady she had made me believe she was soliciting in my Behalf.—

Jemima was generous enough to tell me of it, and also to give me some Hints of her Grace's Character, which tho' I had lived so long with her, I was utterly a Stranger to: The Discovery of her Deceit in this Affair, open'd my Eyes to the Artifice she had made Use of in the former ones; and this Knowledge of her Humour, join'd to my Passion for another, made her as odious and detestable to my Soul, as she had once been dear and agreeable: — however, by the engaging *Jemima's* Advice I conceal'd my Disgust, continu'd with her as before, and feign'd a Belief of all she said; — but whether, not perfect in the Art of Dissimulation, she read in my Eyes the Alteration of my Thoughts; or whether she found by *Jemima's* Behaviour, her Wiles had fail'd of the Success they aim'd

aim'd at, is uncertain: but resolving not to be disappointed in every Thing, her natural Propensity to Michief inspir'd her with Measures, to plague those Hearts she now began to imagine were not to be disunited by her Stratagems. Accordingly, all on a sudden, she left *Ponray*, and returned to her Castle on the River-side, where we had been the Beginning of the Summer:—It was impossible for me to make any Pretence to stay behind her; and I was obliged to console myself in Absence, with frequent corresponding by Letters with my dear *Jemima*.—Her Father had allow'd of my Visits, and I had no Room to doubt but that in a little Time I should have his Consent for the completing my Felicity. ——— Security, therefore, made me more easy, and the tender Manner in which she writ to me, and her constant Observance of every Post, assur'd me, that she took no small Satisfaction in this distant Conversation. I also received Letters from her Father, her Sister, and Brother-in-law, with repeated Invitations to come to their House as soon

as

as her Grace's Business would permit me :
 —but alas! that was an Opportunity
 I vainly languish'd for; and at last, quite
 weary of Dissimulation, and wild with Im-
 patience, to see my dear, my enchanting
Femima, I forced myself from that Com-
 pound of Artifice, Hypocrisy, Avarice,
 Lust, and every hateful Quality, and
 flew with the Wings of impatient Affection
 to my lovely Charmer, to all that I then
 thought was worthy of my Love.

At my Arrival, I found a Reception,
 such as my utmost Wishes;—Doors,
 —Arms,—and, as they pretended,
 Hearts open'd to give me Welcome:
 The old Gentleman, *Adrastus* and his
 Wife, seem'd to outvy each other in their
 Love and Fondness of me : but for *Femima*
 never Man found so endearing a Welcome
 as I did from her.—When Supper was
 over, the Family retired to their respective
 Apartments, and only she and I remained :
 How did the melting Charmer seem to
 lay open all her Soul!—What tender
 Things did she not say! — With what
 sweet

sweet Complainings did she not upbraid
 my tedious Absence! With what an Ap-
 pearance of the sublimest Rapture did she
 not swear my Presence was the dearest
 Thing on Earth! — Oh! let the God of
 Love, who heard the perjured Fair, judge
 my Cause, and punish her in kind! —
 Oh! may she love like me, and be, like
 me, undone! — Let a kind Spring of
 early Hopes cherish the growing Passion;
 but e'er the Summer of her Joy arrives,
 let it be dash'd with sudden Storms and
 Tempests; ——— let all the Blasts of cold
 Unkindness, Scorn, and Detestation, nip
 the gawdy Bloom, and wither it for ever;
 ——— let her whole future Scene of Life
 be one continued Horror: And, to add
 to her Despair, may I be Witness of it. —
 Heaven; with what a Look of Innocence
 and Sanctity did the Fair Deceiver receive
 my Transports, and confess her own! —
 The best Part of the Night was pass'd
 before we parted; and, as her Behaviour
 afterwards inform'd me, it was my Fault
 we stay'd not together the remainder of
 it. The next Day a young Lady, a very

great Intimate of hers, came to stay some Time with her ; she was immediately made acquainted with our Amour, and seem'd extremely to approve of it ; and I believe was perfectly sincere in her good Wishes to us both : It happen'd, while she was there, that *Adrastus* whose Agreement on Marriage, was to take some Part of his Wife's Fortune in Board, was now to remove with his Family to a House he had taken a few Miles distant from their Father's.——The old Gentlemen, *Lydia*, her Companion, and myself, were desired to accompany them : Accordingly we did, and tarry'd above a Week ; —— Sports of all Sorts abounded, Drinking, Dancing, Hunting, Angling ; nothing was to be seen but Mirth and Jollity: 'till Diversion growing tasteless, for Want of Intermission ; and *Old Care* beginning to think it Time for him to be among his People, we set out for Home: He rode a little before and kept *Monimia* (that was the Name of the young Lady) in Talk, as we imagin'd, to give me an Opportunity of eternaining his Daughter with more
Li-

Liberty; and indeed, never did a Lover think himself more bless'd than I did at that Time: from the Friends of my *Jemima* I had all the Encouragement imaginable, to assure myself of their Consent to make me happy; and in the kind Eyes of my Charmer, I easily read her Wishes were not inferior to my own. As we beguil'd the Time in Conversation suitable to the Circumstances we were in; on a sudden she changed Colour, and shrieking out, cry'd, "Take me down, — take me down, my dear *Lotbario*! or I shall fall off my Horse." — You may be sure I immediately obey'd, but frighted, ask'd the Occasion. "Oh! I have the Cramp (answer'd she) in the upper part of my Thigh; — I cannot bear the Torment; — chafe it with your warm Hand, for Heaven's sake." Judge now what I endur'd! stretch your Imagination to the utmost Extent, and if possible, form an Idea of the vast Temptation now open'd to me! — think what I felt amidst this Scene of racking Pleasure — what infinite, unutterable, distracting Ecstasy

tasy invaded my whole Soul, while thus
 employ'd ; — Fancy you see the lovely
 Maid extended on the Grass, her shining
 Eyes swimming in Love, and sparkling
 with Desire ! her snowy Breasts panting
 and heaving with impatient Wishes ! —
 her Garments thrown aside, and all the
 Beauties of her fine-proportioned Limbs
 expos'd to View ! — the Legs, the Thighs,
 the soft, the milk-white Skin ! — the
 plump, inviting Flesh, that quiver'd at
 my Touch ! — the thousand, thousand
 nameless Charms which Words cannot
 express, and Thought alone can paint.
 — But I grow wild at the Remem-
 brance, forget my Wrongs, and almost
 wish I were again so to be deluded. — Ne-
 ver Man, perhaps, endur'd more between
 Respect and Passion ; — never did Honour
 gain a Victory more severe : — I resisted
 all the Dictates of Desire, — bore, unap-
 peas'd, the eager Cravings of that tumult-
 uous Moment ; and conquer'd *Nature*,
 to be just to *Virtue*. — But Oh ! what fierce
 Convulsions rack'd every throbbing Nerve !
 — What agonizing Shootings ran through
 all my Veins ! Cold Sweats, like those of

Death came o'er my Face, while in my burning Breast ten thousand Furies raged.---The Pains of Death were mild, to those I felt.—*Jemima* saw, and pity'd my Condition ; and telling me she was better, desir'd me to help her to remount.—The Command both pleas'd and shock'd me ;—— I obey'd as well as I was able ; but alas ! the late Conflict discover'd itself in my enfeebled Limbs ; —— my Arms had scarcely Strength to lift her on her Horse, nor my Legs to sustain the Weight of my own Body ; and it was as much as I could do, for some Moments, to recover myself enough to prosecute our Journey. —— The Confusion a little over, I endeavour'd to make up the Time lost ; and it growing late, reminded her we must mend our Pace. But I will not prolong my Narration by a recital of Particulars of no great Consequence. We got safe to her Father's, who had been come in long before us, and were oblig'd to bear a little Raillery from *Monimia* for staying behind.—*Jemima* however, seem'd not much concern'd in vindicating the Occasion, and I thought it not my Business.

Supper over, the old Man went to bed, and after a little Chat the young Confidante retired also to hers. — When we were alone, the melting Fair, with Love unbounded, began to let loose all her Soul — confess'd the Cramp had been but a Pretence, only to give me an Opportunity of gratifying both our Wishes — avow'd an Uneasiness which nothing but Possession cou'd abate, and even courted me to ruin her: while I, amaz'd, confounded, and asham'd to seem insensible of Transport which spoke so plain, cou'd not resolve how to proceed. — O Virtue ! wonderful was thy Power, — here was a Proof of Tendernefs, of Truth, of a Sublimity of sincere Affection, which I believe this Age cannot equal—in fine, I bore a second Time the Tortures of recoiling Nature, deny'd the impatient Workings of Desire in my own Breast, and endeavour'd to make hers more temperate. — With much Persuasion, I at last prevail'd on her to go to Bed ; she went, as I thought, to her Friend, and I to the En-
joy-

joyment of my Thoughts, which told me, some hovering God, designing Good to both, had directed my Actions; and I hoped the same kind Power wou'd also aid me to obtain the Father's Approbation on the Morrow, and crown both our Wishes.

I cou'd not, however, avoid being somewhat disorder'd on the Reflection of the extraordinary Adventures of this Day and Night,—not all my own Warmth of Constitution —— not all my Passion for her, cou'd make me pleas'd to find so much in a Woman who was to be my Wife: but I had not above Half an Hour's Meditation, before I heard Some-body come into my Chamber, I thought it might be one of the Servants, for my Candle was still burning, when, to my great Surprize, I saw *Jemima*. — It was she herself, who hastily undrawing my Curtains, threw herself on the Bed by me, and preventing my asking her the Meaning of so unexpected a Visit, “ Suspend your wonder, “ my dear *Lothario*, said she, at this seem-
 ing

“ ing Extravagance, till you know the
 “ Cause of my Proceeding in so strange a
 “ Manner—I am now (*continu'd she, burst-*
 “ *ing into a Flood of Tears*) come to make
 “ Discoveries which will soon cool your
 “ Love, if ever you had any for me,
 “ but in its Stead, perhaps, create a
 “ greater Warmth of *Friendship* — I know
 “ what I am going to relate will lose
 “ me a *Husband*, but if you are as
 “ generious as I believe you are, gain me
 “ an eternal *Friend*——and, Oh ! I have
 “ a dreadful Need of one.——At these
 “ Words she sunk, fainting on my Bosom,
 “ unable to utter more.”

Amaz'd at what I saw and heard, I wanted but little of being in the same Condition; but recollecting myself as well as I was able, I got out of Bed, and by the Help of a little Time and Water recover'd her.—As soon as she open'd her Eyes, Great Gods ! *cry'd I*, what is all this ?—from the most tender and passionate Desire, which, but some Moments since, took up thy Soul, why art thou thus chang'd,
 dif-

dispirited, dejected, and disorder'd? —
 What can it mean? — or what is to be
 done? — Then, perceiving she answer'd
 not but with Tears, and such Sighs as
 gave me Apprehensions of a Relapse, I
 suppress'd all Tokens of Astonishment, and
 began to use Expressions of Consolation
 — “ My Life! my Angel! *resum'd*
 “ I, my only wish'd-for Good! be comfor-
 “ ted — be easy, and whatsoe'er has
 “ happen'd to disturb thy gentle Soul,
 “ disburthen it on me, proud to sustain
 “ thy Weight of Anguish; — behold
 “ in me, thy Friend, thy Lover, thy
 “ Husband, or if there be a Name which
 “ can comprize the Truth, the Tender-
 “ ness, the Fondness of 'em all, call me
 “ by that. — Oh! tell me thy per-
 “ plexity!” — I was going on with all the
 Demonstrations I was capable of, to con-
 vince her with how sincere and pure a Pas-
 sion I regarded her, but laying her Face
 on my Mouth, to stop any further Speech
 — “ Oh forbear (*said she*) forbear
 “ this lavish Goodness to an unworthy
 “ Wretch — your Love, your Genero-
 “ sity

“ fity, but racks me more——I cannot
 “ bear it —— my Crime now shows itself
 “ in all its Horror —— and I grow wild
 “ —— mad, with the curst Reflection.”
 —— Here it was as impossible for me to
 suffer her to proceed, as it had been for
 her a Moment before : —— “ Heavens
 “ (*cry'd I, loosing myself from her*) What
 “ hast thou done ? —— what Crime canst
 “ thou be guilty of ? —— hast thou blas-
 “ phem'd the Gods ? —— Faintly she
 answer'd, “ No.” Committed Sacrilege,
said I, or Murder ? “ Oh no,” return'd
 she. Then thou hast lost thy Virtue,
 rejoin'd I, with an aking Heart. “ Yes,
 yes,” confess'd the fair Apostate, and with
 those Words, fell a second Time into a
 Swoon, from which, I found it more
 difficult to recover her than the former
 One.

It wou'd be very difficult to make you
 sensible what my afflicted Soul felt at a
 Discovery so alarming —— the Almighty
 Power of Love, who inspir'd me with a
 sublimity of Passion, greater sure than
 any

any Mortal ever was before possess'd of, can only represent it. My Grief—my Surprize was equal, but my Resentment too weak, too short-liv'd, for such a monstrous Cause——but alas! what cou'd I do?——Had any other Tongue inform'd me with the hazard of my Life I would have clear'd her; but self-accus'd, there was no Room for Doubt;——and self-condemn'd, none for Indignation.——The Knowledge of her Crime, and her Repentance for it, came together to me; ——beside, the one I was but told of, the other I saw.——The charming Criminal was almost expiring at my Feet——expiring at the Sense of a Wrong she had done me, which but for herself I had not been appriz'd of.——There appear'd so much Generosity, such a noble open-heartedness in this Behaviour, that, methought, look'd lovely; and she grew, if possible, more dear to my Affections, in Guilt thus confess'd, thus atoned, than in the Reputation of perfect Innocence before.

At last she was again restor'd to Life,
 to Sense, and my forgiving Love—but
 it was hardly in the Power of all my fond
 Endearments to hinder her from doing
 Violence to herself. — “ Oh ! *said she*,
 “ you never, never can pardon such a
 “ Fault as mine—I do not, must not hope
 “ your Love ;—but if you e'er com-
 “ mitted any secret Sin for which you
 “ dread the Vengeance of offended Hea-
 “ ven, as you wou'd wish for Mercy, be-
 “ stow it now on me ; pity and relieve
 “ my lost Condition.—Cease, cease, my
 “ Dear (interrupted I, touch'd to the Soul
 “ at her Complaining) to wrong a Passion
 “ as unalterable as thy own Power of
 “ charming. Is there an Action I am
 “ capable to serve thee in, and canst thou
 “ judge so meanly of me, to think I
 “ wou'd refuse thee ?—No, tho' Death,
 “ tho' what is infinitely worse than Death,
 “ eternal Infamy were sure to ensue, I
 “ wou'd for thee endure it ;——there-
 “ fore keep me no longer on the Rack
 “ —— tell me ! What is it I must
 “ do ?——be quick to ease my Anguish,

or

“ or I shall soon be incapable of any
 “ Thing.”

Oh ! ’tis impossible (resum’d she, in
 a dying Accent) that you can forgive me
 —— can love me still.

I had not Patience to permit her Conti-
 nuance in this Despair, and resolving, if
 possible, to put an End to it, Correct me
 instantly, great *Jubiter* (cry’d I) if what
 I say, I mean not. “ Keep then your
 “ Promise, *said she*, remember what you
 “ have sworn, for I shall make a fiery
 “ Tryal of your Truth. —— Know, pur-
 “ su’d she, weeping afresh, that I am
 “ guilty of the Crime I mention’d in its
 “ worst Shape —— Pollution made black
 “ by Incest ! — ’tis now two Years since
 “ my Sister’s Husband *Adrastus* led me
 “ into the detested Secret, which I have
 “ still continued in ; —— tho’ at each
 “ Repetition of the horrid Deed, my Soul
 “ shrinks in me, and each fond Endear-
 “ meat raises a Fury in my tormented
 “ Mind.”

She

She could no more, the rising Sighs
 suppress'd the Utterance of her Words,
 nor if she had spoke had I the Power of
 Listening. — The name of Incest, like
 a Thunderbolt, transfix'd me for a while,
 and lock'd up every Sense in wild Amaze-
 ment. — Never was Confusion equal to
 what I felt — never was Heart so torn
 betwixt Love and Rage : And indeed
 when I consider with what a Violence of Pas-
 sion I regarded her, I wonder that an utter
 Deprivation of Reason did not ensue. I
 behaved myself (as she afterwards told me)
 in a Manner, which made her fear the sud-
 den Shock of the Discovery would entirely
 take from me the Means of doing her the
 Service she requir'd ; which, as soon as
 she found me in a Condition of answering,
 she inform'd me, was to make her Father
 acquainted with the Story, and implore
 his Aid for her retiring to some Place
 where she might never see the vile *Adrastus*
 more.

It would be too tedious to repeat the
 various and confused Interrogatories I put

to her, or the as various Whirls of distracted Passion which seiz'd my tortur'd Brain at her Replies.——I was not able for a great while to enter into any settled Way of Conversation. —— But as the most violent Agitations of the Soul cannot always retain their Force, mine began at length to calm; and as Indignation and Grief abated, Curiosity, accompany'd by a Desire, which till then I had never dared to indulge, rose in their Stead.—Respect, and that Purity of Tenderneſs with which till now I had ever regarded her, by this Discovery, was utterly erased; —— the humble, the perfect Lover was extinct, and I was now all Man, resolute, deſiring Man! —— the Advances ſhe had made me, the Adventure of the Cramp, every amorous (to call it no worſe) Particular of her Behaviour to me, came now into my Head, and I reſolv'd to gratify at once my own and her Deſires: I found not the leaſt Reſiſtance, and we paſſed the Remainder of the Night in as much Satisfaction, as two Perſons poſſeſs'd with a Paſſion (where the Senſes only are call'd to counſel, and the

the Soul has no Part) can find in the Enjoyment of each other.

When Morning came, she renew'd her Request, that I would made her Father acquainted with the Abuse she had receiv'd from *Adraftus*, assuring me it was indifferent to her what became of her, if she was but deliver'd from those Stings of Conscience, which rack'd her Soul in the Continuance in her Crime, and which she could no longer sustain; that if he should turn her out of Doors, and expose her to all the Miseries of Want and Poverty, she would chearfully undergo it, and endeavour by the meanest and most servile Offices to get her Bread, rather than feel those innate Torments, which took from her all Possibility of ever knowing a Moment's Peace of Mind.

With much Persuasion I at last consented, and some Remains of my former Tenderness still working in me in her Behalf, join'd with a little Self-Interest, that if I acted the generous Part, related
the

the whole Affair to the old Man, and told him withal, that my Love to his Daughter made me willing to forgive all Faults, and that I would still make her my Wife; he would double the Portion he design'd for her, and perhaps make me the Heir of all his Wealth.

This Imagination was not a little pleasing to me, and after she had retir'd to her own Apartment, I dress'd me, and went about the Execution of my Design.—— I found the old Gentleman walking in his Garden, as was his Custom every Morning; and when the first Salutations were over, telling him, I had an Affair of the greatest Consequence in Life to impart to him, we went together into a Grove, where, after some necessary Preparations, such as, desiring him to arm himself with Patience, and giving him some Hints, that what I had to say would be a fiery Trial, in Expressions as moderate, and as favourable for her, as the Nature of the Thing I had to speak of would allow: At last, I made him sensible of the whole horrid Secret.—— But with what Words,

can I represent to your Imagination the Storm of Rage with which he heard it! he flew out of the Grove like a Man utterly depriv'd of Reason, and drawing his Sword, and calling aloud for *Jemima* had certainly in the first Gust of Passion plung'd it in her Breast, as she came trembling to know his Commands, if I had not taken Care to snatch from him that Instrument of Vengeance. — He took her by the shaking Shoulders, and dragging her into the Grove, began to discharge some Part of his Rage in Revilings : — “ Thou
 “ Scandal of thy Sex, *said he*, thou Blot
 “ of thy Family! what is it I have heard of
 “ thee! — Thou incestuous, thou abandon'd Wretch! what is it thou hast
 “ done? — Monster — Devil —
 unnatural Prostitute!” — With Curses un-number'd did he load her, neither regarding the Condition he beheld her in, (for she fainted on the Bank) nor giving me leave to utter the least Word in Vindication of her, 'till at length, Compassion for a Woman I had once so dearly lov'd, obliged me to force him from her, and
 with

with more gentle Treatment endeavour to call home her wandering Spirits.

She was but a few Moments before she recover'd, and throwing herself at his Feet, her Eyes streaming with Tears, and wringing her Hands, she implor'd Forgiveness in Terms so moving, that the Heart that had been insensible of Pity must have been more than Savage——mine was quite dissolv'd, and putting myself in the same Posture with her, begg'd him to pardon all; assured him I was so well satisfy'd in her Repentance, that I regarded her with the same Ardency of fond Affection as before, and told him, I was ready to take off the Shame she had brought on herself, by becoming her Husband that very Moment, if he would give his Sanction to the Act.

An Offer so unexpected seem'd to give a prodigious Turn to his Resentment—his Eyes lost immediately great part of their Fierceness; but making no other Answer to it than, Ay, Sir, that is strangely generous

generous indeed ! walk'd a little distance from us, as tho' to consider on what I had said — while I, thinking it best not to suffer him to cool, prosecuted my Intentions in this Manner : “ The Misfortune, “ *resum'd* I, is yet a Secret, Sir ; the base “ *Adrastus* for his own Sake, never will “ divulge it, and if I marry *Jemima*, you “ may depend on my Care to prevent her “ from being a second Time deluded by “ his Insinuations : — As for the Usage “ she shall receive from me, as I have “ already told you, I now again confirm “ it ; the true Contrition, and that ingenuous Confession of her Crime to him, “ from whom of all Mankind, had she “ not been the Sincereſt of her Sex, she “ would moſt artfully have conceal'd “ it, will make her ever dear, ever charming to my Soul—I never will reproach, “ never will hold her in leſs Eſteem, than “ I ſhould if no ſuch Accident had happen'd.”

I ſaid a great deal more, to convince him it was not only neceſſary for the Honour of

his

his Family, but also for his Daughter's Happiness, that he should give his Consent to this Match.—But, after a long Pause, instead of the Gratitude with which any other Parent would have listened to such an Offer, he told me, with an Air of Indifference, that he thought himself obliged to me; — but, said he, I suppose you expect something more beside my Blessing.—Doubtless, Sir, answered I, nor can I think you will deal less generously with me, who am willing to take *Jemima* with ~~all~~ her Faults, than you have done with *Adrastus*, who had with her Sister an untainted Virtue and unblemished Reputation.—And what then, Sir, (interrupted he briskly) will your Friends do for you?—what Jointure will they enable you to make for twenty thousand Pounds? I am unable to express the Surprise and Indignation I was in at so unexpected a Query. — Nothing but to see me in such another, can make you sensible of that Violence of Passion with which I was possessed at his Behaviour: And not endeavouring to conceal it, How! cried I, is a Bargain to be made in an Affair such as this? Do you take me for a Wretch wholly incapable of Reflection? I

must unknow what you are sensible of but through my Means ; if I did not know the Proposition I have made you so much to my Dishonour, that were my Intentions publick, and there be a Man on Earth that loves me, his highest Proof of it would be to shoot me through the Head : — But I will speak no more, (continued I, with a little more Temper) your Daughter is in Presence, let her relate to you the Particulars of her Undoing, and with what uncommon Tenderneſs I have behaved in this Affair, — then conſider whether you ought to treat me in this Manner.

Jemima, in whose Countenance all the Time we were talking one might eaſily read the Agitations of her Soul, here preventing her Father's Reply, began to unfold the Truth of what I had revealed. She told him, that it had been more than two years ſince, deluded by the falſe *Adraſtus*, ſhe had yielded to his Deſires ; — that he had, by a great many Arguments, which to her ſeemed well inforced, convinced her that Polygamy was no Crime, and that he ſwore to make her as equal with her Siſter, in her Right to him, as ſhe was ſuperior in his

Eſteem

Esteem; that his Love to her was beyond all Bounds, — and that her Vanity and Inadvertency had rendered her Heart susceptible of the dangerous Impressions his Wit and Affiduity attempted to make; that one Day, happening to be alone with him in the House, half by Persuasions, half by Force, he had perpetrated his Design, and had ever since continued to abuse her in the same Manner; — but that, stung with a just Sense of what she had done, she could no longer bear the Torment, and fearful herself to reveal the horrid Secret, she had made Choice of me, as a Person in whose Honour and Good-nature, she was pleased to say, she had the greatest Confidence. — She concluded her unhappy Story with some Expressions, how much she was obliged to that uncommon Testimony of my Love of desiring to be her Husband; and intreated by all the Supplications imaginable, that he would grant a Request so much to the Advantage of her Peace of Mind, and the Preservation of their House's Honour.

I did not fail to second what she had said, and though I was a little nettled, as indeed

I had good Reason, that he should make the least Demur in granting what I might justly have expected he would have been the first in desiring; I conquered my Resentment, to obey the Dictates of my Love, which, I must confess, as yet pleaded most tenderly in her Behalf. — But all we could urge was unsuccessful; he said, there were private Reasons which obliged him to defer giving any direct Reply at that Time, — but that he would consider of it; — assured me, he had the most particular Regard for me, that he would very shortly prove how heartily he esteemed me; with a great deal more to the same Purpose, which at that Time I was weak enough to believe; but withal, desired I would for a few Days retire from his House, for he was in Expectation of a Visit very soon from *Adrastus*, whom he was very unwilling to trust me with, after the Knowledge of the Injury he had done me in the Person of the Woman I intended for my Wife.

I know, said he, you Young-men, and especially a Chevalier, and a Lover too, are impatient of Indignities; you are not sensible yourself how ill you could brook the

Prefence of a Wretch who has offended in
 the Manner he has done ; and if a Quarrel
 on this Occasion should arise, the whole
 Affair would become the Talk of the
 Country : I would have you, therefore,
 leave us for a While, and you shall hear
 from me, in a Manner, perhaps, more to
 your Advantage than yet you think of. —
 I am ashamed to confess how much I was
 transported with these Words ; it presently
 came into my Head, that *Adrastus* would be
 utterly thrown out of the Family, and I de-
 clared the Heir of all. — Full of these
 golden Expectations I obeyed, and desiring
 him to direct for me at my Lady Ducheſs's,
 where I told him I would tarry till I receiv'd
 his Letter, took an humble Leave of him :
 — my Farewel to *Jemima* was, you may
 be ſure, a little more prolonged ; for I ſtill
 loved her with a Fondneſs, which neither
 Poſſeſſion, nor the Knowledge of her Crime
 could abate. ---- Oh ! let the God of undiſ-
 ſembled Ardors remember mine, when un-
 able to part without a Repetition of thoſe
 Joys we had ſo lately taſted, the melting
 Charmer diſſolved within my Arms, and
 preſſing me cloſe as her Graſp could ſtrain
 my willing Body to her panting Breſt, ſhe
 cry'd,

cry'd, Oh! that I had never been but yours!---- were I Mistress of the Globe, and could dispose of Crowns and Empires at my Will, I'd freely quit the boasted Sovereignty, but to call back that black detested Hour which gave me to *Adrastus*.--- And then again, my *Lotbario* (would she gently murmur out) judge with how true a Passion I regard thee, when rather than deceive thee, I would accuse myself.----- Oh! do not,----do not, when cool Reflection overcomes Desire, love me the less for a Generosity so unequalled.----Oh! no, by Heaven, (interrupted I, raised to the highest Pitch of Extasy by her imagined Tenderness) thou ever shalt be dearer to my Soul than Wealth,---than Life,---than even Fame itself,---be but henceforward mine, and only mine.---When I am not (answer'd she, forcing herself from my Embrace, and kneeling before me with Hands and Eyes lifted up to Heaven) may the immortal Gods make me an Example of Perfidy, which After-Ages shall with Wonder hear of;—whenever I, even in Thought, transgress against the firm Affection I now swear to my dear *Lotbario*, may I be struck blind and lame;—may Diseases of all Kinds seize on

on me, consume my Flesh with un-inter-mitting Anguish, and rot me to the Bone, till my black Soul, driven from this House of Horror, descends to Hell a Prey to endless Torment.——

She would, if possible, have added to this dreadful Imprecation, if my impatient Love could have permitted it; but free from all Suspicion, from all Fear, I snatch'd her from the Ground, press'd her again to my transported Breast, returned her Vows, and chased away all her Remains of Grief with renewed Endearments,——rioting in Pleasures not to be described, we passed the Hours, and should hardly have had the Power to separate ourselves in a much longer Time, if the Consideration how much to our mutual Interest it was not to disoblige the old Gentleman, had not prevailed on us to do it.

With a thousand Vows and Protestations on both Sides, of writing to each other often till we met again, we at last took Leave; she retired to her Closet, as she told

told me, to contemplate on what was pass'd ; I to the Stable, where my Man, as I had ordered, waited with my Horse. I was no sooner at the Duchess's, than I was asked ten thousand Questions concerning my Proceedings ; but I related no more, than that the Father of *Jemima* approved of my Intentions, and that in a very short Time I expected a Summons to be put in Possession of every thing I wished ; carefully concealing every thing that might redound either to my own Dishonour, or that of my intended Bride.

Her Grace did not seem perfectly satisfied with what I said, imagining she read something in my Countenance (as indeed she very well might, for Nature never found a Man less capable of Disguises) which spoke past Surprise, and that something extraordinary had happened. She did not scruple to tell me what her Thoughts were, and seemed a little disgusted I did not put the same Confidence in her which I had formerly done : But neither Insinuations nor Resentment had the Power to dislodge this

Secret from my Breast; and she found herself obliged at length to appear satisfied, whether she was so in reality or not: — but what her Sentiments were I had not Leisure to examine, having Perturbations of my own which would not suffer me to look into others. Day after Day, Week after Week, passed away without any Letter, either from *Jemima*, or her Father: so strange a Neglect could not but very much alarm me, and what between Amazement, Indignation, and disappointed Love, I suffered infinitely more than is in the Power of any Words to relate. — A whole Month I liv'd in all the Tortures of Suspence, than which, those who have known them, will confess there cannot be severer; and not able to assign any Reason which seem'd so feasible, I imagined the Dutches to make the more sure Discovery how my Affair stood, had been so wicked as to intercept the Letters directed to me.

This Belief had no sooner got Ground in me, than I taxed her with it, and as tho'

tho' assured that she had acted in that Manner which to me was a Crime unpardonable, reproach'd her in Terms which 'tis probable none, since she had been rais'd to the Title of her Grace, had ever presum'd to do.—She heard me however, with a Patience which I have since wonder'd at, and only protesting, by all the Adjurations she was capable of making, that she was innocent, gave my Rage leave to vent itself in what Manner it would.—But I could not form to myself any other Cause, and continued in my Chagrin 'till I was reliev'd from that by being put into a worse.—When I had almost given over all Hope, comes a Letter from *Jemima* the Contents of which were too remarkable to be forgot; and because no Words but her own can make you sensible of this astonishing Circumstance, I will repeat them: they were these,

The undone *Jemima*, to her dear
Lothario.

“ CONDEMN me not, my ever-
 “ ador’d *Lothario*, that I have not
 “ writ before ; both Pen and Paper have
 “ been denied me, since you left this Place,
 “ and love me with never so violent an
 “ Ardour, your Disappointment cannot
 “ equal my Affliction. The Moment you
 “ had taken Horse, I was confined to my
 “ Chamber, denied the Sight of even all
 “ of our own Family, but an old grim
 “ Wretch, who is perfectly my Father’s
 “ Creature, and to whom it would be but
 “ in vain to pour out the Load of An-
 “ guish my Soul is over-pressed with.—
 “ ’Tis enough I know my Father has nei-
 “ ther the Compassion Nature should o-
 “ blige him to, for his own Child, nor
 “ the Gratitude which is due to a Genero-
 “ sity, such as yours—he ordains that I
 “ shall never see you more, and to that
 “ End, sends me to the House of *Adrastus*,

“ (O horrid, barbarous Usage !) there to
 “ remain under the Guardianship of that
 “ detested Monster, who will, no doubt,
 “ take Care to prevent my making any
 “ Elopement. ——— Judge what I must
 “ endure in this Confinement — to have my
 “ injured Sister, innocent of the Wrongs
 “ I have done her, provoking my distracted
 “ Conscience by fruitless Attempts of
 “ Consolation. ——— My curst Undoer ever
 “ in my Sight, and perhaps when Opportunity
 “ presents, forced to repeat the
 “ Crime, which to have been guilty of,
 “ damns me to unceasing Horrors. ———
 “ O save me, save me, I conjure you, if
 “ not for Love, for Friendship, for Pity ;
 “ nay, for the Sake of common Humanity,
 “ defend me from being again subservient
 “ to his brutish Will. ——— Invent some
 “ Stratagem to take me from him, it matters
 “ not what shall hereafter become of
 “ the

Forlorn JEMIMA,

“ P. S. It was not without great
 “ Bribes I furnished myself with the Means
 “ of sending this — O let not the Sup-
 “ plications of a Woman, who in spite of
 “ her Misfortunes loves you more than
 “ Life, be altogether unavailing; but as you
 “ have sworn yourself my Friend, be just
 “ to your own Honour, and shield me
 “ from this worst Destruction, and dispose
 “ of me hereafter as you please, — Once
 “ more Adieu. I am this very Moment
 “ going, therefore be quick in your Re-
 “ lief, if you at all afford it.”

It would be wholly Impossible, to make
 you sensible what 'twas I felt at reading
 these Lines: I now perceiv'd my Hopes
 of Interest by her Father were utterly
 abolish'd, I found the old Villain rather
 than part with his Money would sacrifice
 his Daughter to all the Miseries of the
 most abhorred and unnatural Lust —
 all my pleasing Expectations werenow in
 a Moment vanish'd; but I had still Ten-
 derness enough for the unhappy *Femina*,
 to

to wish to free her from a Life, she had so good Cause, and so much seem'd to dread.

With these Cogitations mingled a Reflection that I had wrong'd the Dutchess, in imagining she had intercepted my Letters; and my Remorse for having accused her with it, joined to the Resolution my Rage had inspired me to form, of exposing to the last Degree the Father and Brother of *Jemima*, made me impart the whole Affair to her. I ran immediately to her, related every Circumstance of my ill Usage, and entreated her Advice how to proceed both for Vengeance and Redress. She seem'd (as well she might) prodigiously alarm'd at the Account——told me she thought I had a good Escape, and if I would take her Counsel, it would be to trouble myself no farther with any of the Family.

This was, I believe, the only sincere Thing she ever said in her Life, at least, to me; and yet this of all she ever said I was the farthest from regarding. Had my
 Passion

Passion for *Jemima* been extinguished, my Honour could not dispense with the Promise I had made in protecting her, as far as was in my Power, from the Abuses of *Adrastus* : Friendship, nay, common Humanity, methought, bid me fly to the Relief of this poor Penitent, who abandoned by those who ought most to take her Part, had no Refuge but myself on Earth.—I must have endeavoured her Rescue even for Pity Sake, but as my Love (if not as violent as it had been) was yet superiour to that with which Men ordinarily are possessed, I thought each Moment I delayed, a Crime she might in Justice hate me for.

I passed the Night in Anxieties too great to be described, nor did the Morn bring with it any Tranquillity ; for as before my Thoughts were racked with the Apprehensions of her ill Usage, they were now tortured with ten thousand various Inventions by what Method I should proceed to give her the Relief she begg'd : and at last, wholly incapable of fixing on any,
but

but resolv'd to attempt every Way, I took leave of the Dutchess, much against her Will, and made what haste I could towards the Villa where *Adrastus* liv'd.

Her Father's House was in my Way, and it came in my Head, as I pursued my Journey, to try first what I could do with him; but not knowing well how to contain myself in the Presence of a Wretch, who, for no other Reason than because he would not do me Justice, had consented to sacrifice his own Child to the brutish Lust of an incestuous Monster, whom he ought rather to have made an Example of; I went into an Inn, which happen'd to be pretty near the House, and in as civil Terms as my Rage would permit me to dissemble with, writ to him, complain'd of his Breach of Promise, let him know that I had depended on his Word, look'd on *Jemima* as my Wife, and was now come to claim her—not taking the least Notice that I had received a Letter from her, or that I had the least Intimation by any Hand whatsoever, of her being removed.

This

This I sent by my Servant, and ordered him to acquaint the old Gentleman where I waited in Expectation of his Answer, because I would punctually fulfil the last Command he had given, of not coming to his House, till summoned by him. — I did not doubt but that he would be extremely puzzled what Excuse to make, and began to sooth Imagination, that as soon as he heard I was there, he would immediately send for *Jemima*, and make good his Promise to me; but I was soon convinced of the Error I had been in, to think there was a Possibility for him to repent the Villany he had been guilty of, or that it was in his Nature either to be Just, or grateful.

My poor Fellow came back with his Head broke, and his Arms and Back bruised in a most terrible Manner — I needed no more than the Sight of him, to inform me what had happened; but when he had recover'd Breath to speak, he told me that the old Fiend had no sooner

sooner read my Letter, than he tore it in Pieces, and cried, Tell your Master he is a Villain and a Fool, to think to impose upon me and my Family — that I forbid him my House at his Peril, and that if he dares to enter my Doors, he shall meet with the same Treatment as his Messenger.

With these Words, and many other Scurrilities, he return'd my Civilities : which my Man, unable to endure, retorted on the Giver. On which he call'd his Creatures, whether Foot-men, Ploughmen, Hedgers, or Ditchers, I am not able to say, for 'tis probable they serv'd in all these Capacities, and turn'd him out with the Marks of their Good-Will already mentioned. — Had I followed the first Impulses of my Rage, I had certainly gone to the House, and shot him thro' the Heart ; but love interposed for *Jemima*, and bid my beating Heart inform me I must first deliver her, and then call her Father to an Account for the Injury he had done me. — It was but a Moment before

I was determined ; Revenge gave way to Tendernefs, and I rode on towards *Adrastus*, hoping there to obtain the most wish'd-for Triumph !

But I had not purfued my Journey above a hundred Paces, before I perceived at a distance two Ladies on Horfeback, and a Servant with them ; when we came nigher, one of the Horfes I knew immediately to be *Jemima's*, and that very fame ſhe was mounted on, when the Invention of the Cramp had firſt made me ſenſible how much I was favour'd in her Inclinations. It will be needleſs to ſay I ſet ſpurs to my Horſe, and would have thought a *Pegasus* too ſlow to bear me to 'em ; by what I have told you of the State of my Heart, you will eaſily believe I made what Speed I could. The foremoſt of them I preſently knew to be the Wife of *Adrastus*, whom as not believing of the Confederacy againſt me, I accoſted as civilly as my Impatience to ſecure the other, who I believed was her Siſter, would allow Time for. —

I flew with all the Wings of Joy and fond Desire; but Oh! immortal Gods! how great was my Surprize—how shocking my Disappointment, when laying my Hand on the Reins of her Horse, and looking at her, I discovered a Face I had never seen before!

I had not Presence enough of Mind even to ask her Pardon; but returning to the other, who stopt, and seemed amazed at my Proceeding, and preventing the Interrogatories she was about to put to me for what Reason I had done it, desired her to tell me instantly, where *Femima* was; told her I look'd on her as my Wife, and would have her produced.

Here this Lady, whom, before I had the greatest esteem for, and who had profess'd the highest Regard for me, now show'd herself of a piece with the Rest of that accursed Family—and in Expressions, a Gentlewoman should have blush'd to speak, bade me be gone—and think not of *Femima*,
she

she was not a Match for a paultry Gentleman, who had no other Jointure to make her, than the precarious Dependance of a beggarly Pension——and a Fellow too, (said she, with all the spite imaginable) who has render'd himself yet more unworthy the Civilities he has found in our Family, by endeavouring to sow Dissension among People, who are too well acquainted with one another's Principles to regard what he has said, any further than to despise and hate the insinuating Reporter. — These Words gave me not only to understand she had been inform'd of every Thing, which at *Jemima's* Request I had related to her Father, but also, that she believ'd her Husband innocent, and that I had, for some base Interest of my own, been the Inventer of the Story.

I wou'd have endeavour'd to have clear'd myself of an Aspersion so wrongfully cast on me, but she wou'd not give me leave; and continuing her Revilings, and assuring me I never should see her Sister any more, who, *she said*, had been too much deceiv'd

by my Insinuations, rode away, without suffering me to alledge one Word in my Vindication.——I did not attempt to stop her, nor give myself any further Trouble concerning what Opinion she harbour'd, than what proceeded from my Wonder, that a Woman, whom, till then, I had always believ'd had a good deal of Discernment, cou'd be so grossly blinded in an Affair, in which most of her Sex are apt to be too quick-sighted.

My still dear *Femina's* Condition, took up too much of my Thoughts to allow Room for any other Consideration to continue ; and presently reflecting that her Sister's Absence might give the curst *Adrastus* an Opportunity of abusing her in the Manner he had done, I began to renew my Pace towards the House, which was now almost in sight ; when hearing a Horse gallop after me, I turn'd my Head, and saw the Footman, whom I had just before met with the two Ladies, coming with full Speed in the very Path I was in. —I presently imagin'd he had been sent by
them

them, as no doubt he was, to give Notice of my Approach and Intentions, and resolving to stop his Career, I turn'd short upon him, and catching fast hold of the Bridle, Whither in such haste? *said I*; all your Stratagems to get *Jemima* out of the Way shall be in vain, therefore return to your Mistress, and tell her, that *Lothario* will prove he deserves not the Treatment he has met, or perish in the Attempt.

I said no more, nor indeed had I the Power: The Fellow, with an Impudence as great as those to whom he belong'd, giving me a hearty Curse, clap'd Spurs to his Horse, which being a high-mettled one, with a sudden Spring was very near oversetting me and mine—— I was so much provok'd at this Insolence from a Servant, that not being at that instant Master of my Passion, I immediately snatch'd one of the Pistols from my Holster, and discharg'd it at him, but good Heaven averted the Mischief, my Rashness else might have been fatal to myself as well

as him. — He miss'd the Bullets, and receiv'd no other Damage than what his Fright occasion'd, which indeed was violent enough to make him fall from his Horse, and, for some Moments, lose the Power of Speech ; yet the dissembling Villain, too well vers'd in the pernicious Arts of those he serv'd, when I demanded of him, Whether *Jemima* was at this Time in the House of *Adrastus* ? and offer'd him a handsome Reward to reveal the Truth of that Affair, had Cunning sufficient to deceive me, and faithful to his horrid Trust, assur'd me she was not ; form'd a most plausible Story that she had been sent there, but not believing it a Place of Security, imagining I would come in Search of her, she was remov'd that very Day to an Aunt's she had further in the Country : I, easily betray'd, doubted not of the Truth of what I thought Fear only had extorted from him, gave him what I had promis'd, and dismiss'd him.

My Heart methought was something lighter than it had been at this News ; I

rejoic'd that she was out of the Power of *Adrastus* for her own Sake ; however, I still resolv'd not to leave the Country till I had seen her, ——— and therefore knowing very well the Way to the Town where this Relation liv'd, I left the Road which led to *Adrastus's*, and took the other ; it was but a few Miles, and I reach'd it before Dark.

At my arrival, the good old Lady was prodigiously alarm'd at my demanding to speak with her Neice, and much more so, when I told her, as I now made no Secret of it, the Reasons of my enquiring. —She assur'd me I had been misinform'd, for to her certain Knowledge *Jemima* was at her Brother's ; and that if I question'd the Truth of what she said there was a young Lady in the Neighbourhood who cou'd convince me, having been come but that Day from the House of *Adrastus*, and had seen her there.

This young Lady was *Amelia*, who had ever been the chief Companion and Confidant *Jemima* had: to her I im-

mediately went, hoping I might now know the Certainty of every Thing —— but I found her as much alter'd in her Behaviour to me as the rest had been. — She said, indeed, that she had seen *Jemima*, and din'd with her that Day, but she could give no other Account of any Thing I ask'd; and when I related to her, as I had done to the Aunt, all the Particulars of the Affair, she only answer'd, with a good deal of Reserve, that she had nothing to do in it, every body was best judge of their own Business; but acknowledg'd, she thought it a little strange Things shou'd be carry'd so, after what had past between us. — I found there was no farther Satisfaction to be gain'd from her, therefore took my Leave, resolving to pursue my Knight-Errantry the next Morning, for I was oblig'd to lie in the Town, by reason of its being too late to go that Night.

Aurora had scarcely spread her chearful Dawn before I was on Horseback; I had gone but a very little way before I was met by the Chevalier *Bellarion* Brother to the Dutchess: he ask'd

me, Whither I was going so early ? which I made no Hesitation to inform him.—— he then told me he had much to say to me on that Affair, and desired I wou'd alight and go into an Inn hard by.—— With some Unwillingness, to retard even a Moment the Execution of my Designs, I was at last prevail'd upon, and he began to endeavour persuading me from so rash an Attempt—— assur'd me that if I went in Sight of *Adrastus's* House, I was a dead Man ; that there was a Gun plac'd in every Window ; that what I had already done to the Servant had made the whole Country ring ; and that there was not the least Possibility of getting to the Speech of *Jemima* ; for she was so closely confin'd, that very few of their own Family saw her.

All this he protested was true to his Knowledge, for he had been there all Night, and was come away but when I met him. But it was not in the Power of all these Difficulties to deter me, or make me in the least recede from the Resolution of rescuing

rescuing her, or perishing for her Sake—
 on the contrary, I rather grew more eager
 to deliver her from a Captivity in which
 I believ'd she suffer'd so much; and I
 doubt not but I had gone, and really
 fallen a Sacrifice to their Brutality, if the
 Chevalier had not hit on a Proposal which
 seem'd rather to facilitate than hinder me
 from what I wish'd—— It was to accom-
 pany him first to the old Man's, and
 by repeating before him the Obligations
 they had to treat me in a different Manner,
 give him, the Chevalier, an Opportunity
 of espousing my Quarrel, which he pro-
 mifs'd faithfully to do and on the Strength
 of his own and his Sister's Influence over
 that Family, prevail on him to go with us
 to *Adrastus's*, under Pretence that he might
 be able to judge the Truth of the Affair,
 and relate it to the Dutcheß. After a
 good many Arguments on both Sides,
 this was at last agreed on, and away we
 went to the old Miser's: we found him
 at his Gate, and on the first Sight of me,
 he was going to call his Servants, I sup-
 pose

pose, to give me a Reception I shou'd no Way have been pleas'd with ; but the Chevalier guessing his Intentions, rode up before me, and cry'd, Hold Sir; I bar all Outrages ——— if you offer to insult *Lothario*, I shall take it as done to me——we come to talk to you without Heat or Passion ——— therefore be you as temperate. ——— The old Wretch seem'd a little confus'd at the Chevalier's Behaviour; but not being willing to disoblige him. ——— Well then, Sir! mutter'd he out, on your Account he shall come in, though I had sworn solemnly to the contrary. ——— I was about to reply in such a Manner as would certainly have broke all our Measures, if my kind Compassion had not made a Motion to me to be silent.——With much ado I curb'd the struggling Passion, and into the Hall we went; where, on the Chevalier's demanding the Reason why he had affronted me in the Person of my Servant, in the Manner I had told him !—— Truly, Sir, reply'd the grey-beard Villian —— there were sufficient Reasons which oblig'd me to act as I did. —— I had no Acquaintance

with *Lothario* ; I entertain'd him civilly (as he was recommended by her Grace) till he (without any Encouragement from me) pretended Love to my Daughter, and after that, forg'd a monstrous Story, which, if we had been so credulous as he hoped we were, might have been the Ruin of us all.

—— I have a thousand Times since wonder'd at my own Patience, that restrain'd me from revenging my wounded Honour with his Life ; but remembering the Promise I had made to the Chevalier, to try first by fair Means, I contented myself with proving him a Lyar, by producing those Letters I had received both from him and *Adrastus*, while at *Ponray*, entreating me to come down, and that they could not be easy without me. —— And for the latter Part of the Aspersi^on he cast on me, of deceiving him with a forg'd Story : Wicked old Man ! said I, (opening a Window which fac'd the Garden, and that Grove where I had made the Discovery to him of *Jemima's* Misfortune) had those Trees the Power of Utterance, they would proclaim my Innocence, and your consummate Baseness.

nefs.—Did not your own Daughter attest
 the Truth of what I said? — Did she
 not avow her Crimes in Terms so piteous,
 as would have melted any Heart but yours?
 —Did she not kneel, and weep, and beg
 never to see the curst *Adrastus* more? —
 Did she not almost die away before you?
 —Did you then confess me generous?
 —Did you not both confess the Power
 of unexampl'd Love and Tendernefs alone
 could move me to forgive her Fault, and
 save her from Destruction? —Can you
 deny all this? —Can you forget? —
 No, no, reply'd he, I do very well re-
 member some of the Passages you men-
 tion. — But at that Time your Beha-
 viour appear'd in a far different Light to
 what it has done since. — My Daughter
 afterwards deny'd it all, and confess'd you
 had prevail'd on her by your Insinuations
 to join with you in this Deceit, only to get
 my Consent to marry her, which otherwise
 you both knew would be impossible. —
 But she is now of another Mind, she never
 desires to see you more.—'Tis false, in-
 terrupted I, fiercely, and to prove it so,
 read

read this. ——— In speaking these Words, I drew out the Letter she had writ, conjuring me to come to her Assistance.

Never did I see so much Confusion in any Face, as appear'd in his, at Sight of these Lines. ——— He could not, for some Time utter one Word — but recollecting himself a little, at last, Well, said he, if she knows her own Mind no better than this, I have done with her.——The Chevalier here thought it a proper Time for what we had agreed on, and preventing me from speaking—Come, Sir, rejoin'd he, for the Satisfaction of us all, let them come Face to Face, I'll answer for my Friend, that if the young Lady declares before us she desires not to see him, he never will attempt it more. ——— Never by Heaven, added I.—At this Proposition the old Man paus'd, loth he was to grant it, and yet lother to disoblige the Chevalier. In fine, after a long Pause, he told us he would comply with this, provided that I would be content with her Company, and
not

not endeavour to enter the House, which he said *Adrastus* had sworn I never should. — I told him I was far from designing it — all I wanted was to be satisfied from *Jemima's* own Mouth, that she expected no Assistance from me. — Every body being settled, he order'd his Horse to be got ready, which being perform'd, we all set forward toward the decisive Scene. — when we came to the Court-yard, he took the Chevalier with him, leaving me to attend their Return. — In about half an Hour the latter came to me, told me he found them wavering — that the Father and *Adrastus* were in Consultation, but had not seen *Jemima*; and that believing I should be out of Patience, he came to bear me Company, till we saw what would be done. — And in Truth, we stay'd a considerable Time, and no-body appearing, the Chevalier went in again, but came back without knowing the Result of any Thing; at least as he told me. — He went a third Time, return'd again alone, till I imagining they design'd
to

to fool me, grew quite outrageous, swore I would fire the House, and burn them out, but I would see her, with a thousand more Extravagancies of the like Nature; which he, I doubt not, (being, as I have since been inform'd, more a Friend to them than me) repeated to them at his next going in. — After that, the mighty Business was concluded — *Jemima* all undressed—her Hair hanging loose upon her Shoulders, her Eyes swell'd with Tears, a moving Spectacle of Grief and Horror appear'd before my Sight. — She was supported as she approach'd me, by her Father on one Side, and a young Priest, Brother to *Adrastus*, on the other — and indeed the trembling Condition she was in, made her stand in need of them. — Well, Madam, said I, I am come, in Obedience to your Commands, to offer you what Assistance is in my Power. — Say you will be mine, and it shall not be human Force shall keep you from me. — I never will, answer'd she, with an Assurance sure, which none of her Sex beside, after what had pass'd between us, could have spoke with

with, and which seem'd very much to contradict that good Opinion her Looks had inspir'd. —How! (resum'd I, scarce able to contain myself) can *Femima* so far forget herself, or what she owes to *Lothario*, or her own Honour?—I had proceeded, but she prevented me, by saying, 'Tis no Matter what I owe—I conjure you for the Love of Heaven to trouble me no more. —With these Words she sunk fainting in the Arms of those that held her, and cut off those Upbraidings she must else have expected from me. —They carry'd her into the House, and the Chevalier telling me, I now had all I could demand, and that it would neither be wise, nor good-natur'd to force myself upon her after what she had declar'd, took an abrupt Leave of me, and follow'd them.

My Amazement had so far stupify'd my Senses, that for a good While I had not Power to leave the Place; and I know not when I should have remov'd, if my Man had not taken the Liberty to remind me, that if I were seen by any of the Family,
they

they might imagine I tarry'd on some Design contrary to my Promise. ——— Yes, (said I, waking from my Lethargy) I will go forever from her Sight, and, if possible, avoid the very-hearing of her——false, ungreatful, perjur'd as she is.——I continued to upbraid her in my Thoughts, for a considerable Time, and when the first Tempest of that Passion, which her astonishing Behaviour had rais'd, was a little calm'd, and more sedate Reflection had Room to play its Part —— even then my former Tenderness return'd not: Reason indeed suggested, that she had been forc'd to what she did; but then it also told me, no Woman, who by any Threats could be prevail'd on to join with her Undoers (for such in this Respect were all her Family) against the Man who was ready to give her the highest Testimony of his Love, could be worthy of a sincere Affection.——

The more I consider'd on all the Particulars of this Affair, the more I thought I had Occasion to rejoice, that she had behav'd in a Manner so effectually to cure me

of

of that Passion I otherwise should have retain'd for her ; and since it was an Impossibility to marry her with her Father's Consent, and have a Portion with her, it much better agreed with my Circumstances, that I ceas'd wishing her such, than to have suffer'd my ungovern'd Fondness to transport me so far, as to have taken her without.

But alas ! though I from that Moment left off to love her as I had done, by the unceasing Anguish which has never since forsaken me, I find, that when once a true and ardent Flame has kindled up the Heart, though it may seem extinguish'd, there will remain some Embers, which with inward consumings destroy the very Vitals, and are never, never to be put out. — All I could do to forget her was in vain, and though I thought of her, as a Creature far unworthy of my Love, yet I could not help a secret Desire that she had not been so. — But I was not enough acquainted with my own Heart to know this of myself, till the old Man happening to
die

die about a Year after, leaving her, and her Fortune entirely at her own Disposál ; — I began to hope she would at last shew herself the Woman of Honour I once believ'd her to be ; expected every Post, that I should hear from her, and receive a full Account in what Manner she had been forc'd to seem so ungenerous, and so false.

— But no Letters coming, I had no longer Patience, and writ a long Epistle full of Upbraidings and Complaints : Receiving no Answer, I sent another, but to no more Purpose than the former. —

Then my Resentment again exerted itself in me, and assur'd me what she had done was not so much by Constraint, as through the Changeableness of her own Temper.

Now I endeavour'd as much as was in my Power to hate her heartily, and for a Time, perhaps, did so ; till one unlucky Day, happening to be passing through the Streets, a Chariot and six, with two Ladies in it, came swift by me—I immediately knew one of them to be *Jemima*, and not all the Rage I had conceiv'd against

gainst her, could defend my Heart from feeling something, even in this transient View, like what I had formerly done whenever she appear'd.——A Flood of Tenderness overflow'd all other Considerations, and pleaded in her Behalf, that my Letters had been intercepted, or by some other Accident miscarry'd; and that not receiving them, she might perhaps have been ignorant where to direct for me in Town: but resolving to be ascertain'd, and once again from herself receive my Doom, I made it my Business to find where she lodg'd, and by diligent Enquiries, in a few Days, heard she was at the House of a Lady, whose Name was *Deveres*, and there directed another Mandate, sent it by my Servant, that I might be certain. She receiv'd it, and order'd him not to return without an Answer.

—— To go about to describe the Hopes, the Fears, the swift Vicissitudes of various Tumults which swell'd my throbbing Heart while he was gone, would be as vain, as to endeavour to make you sensible what it was I felt;——when being come back, he told me, that he had seen her at the Window

dow, but that having gain'd Sight of him, would not suffer him to be admitted any further than the Door, therefore he was oblig'd to send in the Letter by a Footman, who belong'd to the House, to whom he heard her say, as soon as she read it. —

“ Take this Packet of incoherent Nonsense
 “ back to him that brought it, and bid
 “ him tell the Person that sent it, that he is
 “ an impudent Fellow to pretend to write
 “ to one he knows not — I never saw
 “ him, nor heard of him in my Life.”

I must have been strangely stupify'd, if I could have harbour'd the least kind Thought of her after this ; — but what I endur'd in this fatal Certainty of her unexampled Baseness and Perfidy, can only be conceived. — No Words can do it Justice. — 'Tis unutterable as the monstrous Cause.

Here the Remembrance of what he had suffered for the Sake of this vile Woman, adding to the present Anguish of his Soul, made the poor *Lothario* unable to proceed.

—He

—He paused, to vent some Sighs, and wipe away some Tears, which, in spite of his Endeavours to restrain them, ran from his manly Eyes. — At length he recover'd himself enough to pursue his Story.

I am ashamed (resum'd he) of the Weakness I yet am guilty of, for this worthless Woman; and tho' by what I have already related, you must acknowledge I ought not to think of her but with the utmost Detestation, yet that which still remains to be told of her, will make me seem less than Man not to abhor her very Name, and for her Sake, the whole Race of Womankind. — Though too much confirm'd of her Perfidiousness by the Account my Servant brought — I was willing to be more so — must make more Trials yet; — and to that End obtained the Favour of a Lady of my Acquaintance to go to her (for I had often been there, and she was always denied) and in my Name intreat an Interview; which, if she refused, and still persisted in the Denial of knowing me, that she should produce
that

that Letter I have already had Occasion to make mention of, (and which stood me in good Stead, when her Father would have palmed the Odium of Deceit on me) and several others which, before that, I had received from her.

The Lady was perfectly sincere in her Endeavours to serve me, and had the Address to get herself admitted to her——
 Madam *Deveres* and she were in a Room together, and my Friend, after she had taken her aside, finding she gave her the same Answer she had done my Servant, and absolutely deny'd all Knowledge of me, with a thousand Imprecations, was so provoked at it, that she thought she ought to be expos'd to the World ; and plucking the Letters out of her Pocket, shewed them to Madam *Deveres*, and related all the Intrigue as she had it from me. — The perjured Creature was, it seems, in some Confusion at the Sight of her own Hand, which was very well known to Madam *Deveres*, and not having Presence enough of Mind to invent any way to come off, nor Generosity enough to own the Truth, fell a railing at the
 Person

Person by whom she was convicted, and endeavoured by her Clamours to silence what the other had to say, 'till Madam *Deveres*, ashamed of her Behaviour, taking up the Letters, Fie Madam! said she, you ought rather to be dumb,—these Monitors, methinks, should strike you so;—is not here your own Hand, your Manner of Writing, nay, your very Seal? (for tho' broke, 'tis easy to see on it the Impression of your Arms.) Are not these Evidences too plain against you?

These Remonstrances were answered by *Jemima* with a good deal of Warmth which occasioned more severe Reflections from the other, — it ended in a mortal Quarrel: and I hear, for I have since had a personal Acquaintance with this good Lady, that they parted that Day, and have never seen each other since.—But now the Foulness of *Jemima's* Soul appeared in all its Deformity to me and to all who knew her History; the vile *Adrastus*, that Betrayer of her Honour,—that Ruiner of her Virtue,—that Debaucher of her Principles; — that Wretch, whom to avoid, a thousand Times she has sworn she

she would hazard more than Life, is now the only Person she makes choice of for a Friend :—she has committed the Management of her Fortune wholly to his Care, lives in his House, scarce sees any-body but himself, admits no Visitors, nor will receive any Overtures of Marriage, tho' her Beauty and Estate have drawn the richest and most worthy Gentlemen of the Country to make them.—What Judgment then can we form of her, but that, grown fond of the Crime for which she once appeared so penitent, she quits all other Considerations to indulge it ?—Oh ! may the horrid Truth be known to all !—may the quick Ears of busy Fame catch from my Lips the Secret and all her hundred Tongues speak nothing else but Incest, and *Jemima*.

Though there is enough in this to excite the Wonder of a Person unacquainted with the Vices of these Islanders, yet you will find all I have been able to inform you of Hypocrisy, Artifice, and every other Crime, but small, in Competition with what you are still to be made sensible of

of.—— The Duke of *D'Argent* passes in the World for one of the greatest Favourites of Heaven; his splendid Fortune is the Envy of many of his Equals, and the Homage of his Inferiors : —— He is in the Prime of his Years, has a most healthy and vigorous Constitution ;—has a much greater share of Friends than Enemies ; and, as he wants no Favours from the one, he has no Occasion to stand in Fear of the Malice of the other ; yet cannot all these Advantages make him happy :—he nourishes a Canker in his Bosom, which renders all these Blessings unavailing, destroys his Peace, and fills his Nights and Days with galling Anguish.—He was married very young to the Daughter of the late Earl of *Carlot*, a Family remarkable for the Extremes of Virtue and of Vice ;—the Bride, who owed her being so only to Constraint, having the most strong Aversion that could be to the Duke, soon made him know how little Satisfaction there is to be found in a Match where Love has no Part.

They had not been married three Days before she gave publick Testimonies how much she hated her Husband. The agreeable *Baronius* was the Man she adored, and she had either too little the Power of disguising her Inclinations, or too much Pride, to give herself the Trouble. The whole Town was sensible of the Affair, and the Duke sufficiently ridiculed for marrying into a Family famous for Intrigue.—He made a Complaint of it to the Countess, her Mother, but she only laughed at the little Knowledge he seemed to have of the Behaviour of the *Beau Monde*; and was so far from checking her Daughter, that she rather encourag'd a Disposition, which (*she said*) discover'd so much Vivacity and Gallantry.

Whether it was owing to his want of Spirit, that he did not endeavour to revenge his Injuries on him, through whose Insinuations he had sustain'd them, or to his Prudence, that he would not do any Thing which he thought might make his Disgrace become more publick; or through Tenderness for her who had occasion'd it; has been the Cause of many Disputes among those

those, who were the most acquainted with him of his own Specie: but I, knew his Patience proceeded only from the latter of those Reasons I mentioned.—— He passionately lov'd the unthinking Countess, and could not bear to do a Justice which should occasion her an anxious Moment; he rather chose, by all the soft Endearments imaginable, to out-vye his Rival in Affiduity and Fondness, than to render himself yet more disagreeable by Admonitions; a Proof of Love, which few of that Sex, especially those of her haughty Temper, can brook to be troubled with.—— In fine, he laid by all the Authority of a Husband, and resum'd the Obsequiousness of the beseeching Lover;—— but to what purpose? when once the Heart is truly possessed with a Passion, 'tis only in the Power of the beloved Object's Self to erase it.—— In spite of all he could do, *Baronius* still triumph'd over him, all he did was graceful, all he said enchanting; every Action, every Word of his was a Charm: and nothing in the good-natur'd, too submissive Earl, had the Power to please her.—— The amorous Pair conti-

mued to induge themselves in all the riotous Delights of loose Desire, for so long a Time, that their Constancy made the Passion they were possessed of, be believ'd was influenc'd by Cupid. So exactly, sometimes, does that Demon, Lust, resemble Love, that, 'till the fatal Consequences of his Inspiration convince the mistaken Judger of his Error, the difference between them is not to be distinguish'd; —the other Flames may burn as fierce, —may seem as bright, —but soon the Blaze goes out, leaves not a Glow to warm the Heart which lately was all on fire, and is no more remembred but by the Smoke of Infamy's black Vapour. —Nature never formed a Face more exquisitely, —a Shape more delicate, an Air and Mein more enchanting than that of the Countess; and, to add to the Beauties of her Person, she has a Wit the most poinant that ever was, there is something so irresistibly striking, so intelligible in her Eyes, that discovers to all who look upon her, without the Aid of Words, she has a Soul full of a thousand Excellences: yet not all these

Attractions,

Attractions, ——— not all these unequal'd Charms had the power to fix *Baronius* her's for ever ; ——— he grew satiated at last — her Sweets grew tasteless and insipid, — and to obtain in Marriage the Daughter of a petty Citizen, without Birth, without Beauty, without any other Qualification than her Wealth to recommend her, swore never to see the lovely Countess more. ——— The Vanity of the other did not fail to blaze abroad a Vow which she thought would give so much Reputation to the Force of her own Charms: she was presently inform'd of it; and Rage o'ercoming disappointed Softness, resolv'd he should keep it in a stricter Manner, than her Pride would give her leave to imagine he design'd, and from that Moment carefully avoided him. That she might the better do so, and at the same Time have liberty to indulge her Spleen for a Treatment she so little expected, she pretended an Indisposition, and retir'd to a Place the Earl had in the Country. ——— It had been a Maxim with her Mother, that there was

no Remedy so effectual to erase the Memory of an old Lover, as throwing herself into the Arms of a new one :——She was willing however to make Tryal of it —— a Lady so young and beautiful could not fail of Opportunities, and she soon had it in her Power to write under the Recipe, *Probatum est.*

Baronius was in a little while forgot, and by entering into a Plurality of Amours, knew none of those enslaving Fondnesses she before had felt in the Enjoyment of a single one.——The whole Time of her being in the Country was one continual Scene of Gallantry——the Earl was not insensible of it; and half distracted that he could not go to her by Reason of his Attendance on the Sovereign, and not daring to command what he desir'd, obtain'd the Favour of a Royal Mandate to oblige her immediate Appearance at Court.

Thus were the Country Ladies happily deliver'd from an Enemy, too potent for their more feeble Charms to cope with,
and

and every one now triumph'd in the Restoration of a Husband, or a Lover, whose Hearts had for a Time been captiv'd by this universal Rival.

She was so much vexed that there was any Thing on Earth which had the Power to rule her Actions, that she grew sullen and lost very much of that Briskness of Deportment, which had been the Encouragement of many who else would not have presum'd to have discours'd her on the score of Gallantry ; and this Appearance of Reserve, gave the Earl some Hope that she might by Degrees be prevail'd on to think it the most becoming Manner of Behaviour, for a Woman in her Circumstances, who was not only a Wife, but a Mother of several Children, and whose Quality and Character in the World made her Actions more conspicuous than those of a less distinguish'd Rank. — But this consolatory Expectation lasted not long, the Freedom of her Temper again return'd, — she relaps'd into her former

Inadvertencies, ——— and he no more had hope his Condition would ever alter. — She was not for some Years, however, after this, fam'd for any particular Intrigue; and though there was Room enough to imagine she countenanced the Addresses of several young Noblemen about the Palace, yet none could prove she held a criminal Correspondence with my one of them; besides, whatever her Behaviour was to him in private, she treated the Earl, her Husband, in publick, with much more Civility than she had been accusom'd to do, and his Patience became every Day less and less the Subject of Ridicule.

She continued her Imprudence, but did nothing new, which could be prov'd dishonourable; ——— and there being no present Theme for Scandal, the Town grew weary of talking of the past. — 'Tis possible their Affairs might still have been in this Position, if the Earl (who is certainly of a Humour the most easily impos'd on in every Circumstance of Life, of any

Man

Man in the World) had not brought to his House a Dependant and Creature.

His Name was *Melanthus*, and bore the Title of Boronet, though the Gods never inspir'd any of his Family to do an Action which could deserve an Escutcheon: But as it is neither Virtue nor Bravery which are requisite for Preferment in this Kingdom, his Father and himself found Means to wind themselves so far into the Favour of the Nobility, as to get Posts, and those not inconsiderable ones at Court. The younger had Arts which render'd him extremely acceptable to the Ladies — he danc'd well — fung very agreeably — and was always furnish'd with one Story or another for their Entertainment. — The Countess was immediately charm'd, and he had not the Liberty of visiting there above a Month, before the Earl perceiv'd he had sufficient Reasons to repent his having brought him there. — Her Passion for *Baronius* had not been more visible to his Observation — he grew

almost distracted at the daily Instances of it—he reproach’d her in secret, but she as little regarded his Resentment, as she had ever done his Tenderness.

Never was Vexation greater than what he endur’d — he entertain’d this Violater of his Honour with all the Respect imaginable — and ’tis probable, to know the Constraints he put on himself, and the Pain he underwent in stifling his too just Indignation, gave the Pride of this Upstart as great a Satisfaction, as the Enjoyment of the loveliest Woman in the World did a contrary Passion.—For more than two Years was this Intrigue carried on, in all which Time, Interest kept the injur’d Husband from discovering any Part of his Chagrin to him who had occasion’d it; how long he would have been able to have retain’d this Government of himself, is only known to *Jupiter*, — for *Melantbus* was taken with a loathsome Disease of which he died, pity’d by few, by none lamented, but the Countess; though had every one that

that knew him join'd in one common Cry
 of Lamentation, all had been drown'd!
 all had been hush'd by those of her De-
 spair !

The Earl was with her in her Dressing-room;
 when the Word was brought that he had
 breath'd his last. Is he then dead? said
 she, starting up, and looking wildly on
 the Person who had given the Account;
 which on her asking, he again repeated;
 and added also some Circumstances of the
 Manner of his Death — “ Then I will
 “ not live, rejoin'd she, tearing her Hair
 “ and Garment, Heaven has done its
 “ Worst — since *Melantbus*, my dear
 “ ador'd *Melantbus* is no more! This
 “ World has nothing left that is worthy
 “ of me.” — She run on so fast in these
 distracted Kind of Exclamations, that it
 was but in vain that the Earl both threat-
 ened and intreated her Silence. — She
 heard him not, regarded him not, 'till
 taking her in his Arms, and forcing her
 from the Floor, where she had thrown her-
 self.

self. — “ You shall not thus, said he,
 “ with a loud and menacing Voice, ex-
 “ pose yourself and me ; if you are mad,
 “ I will have Persons proper for the Oc-
 “ casion to attend you ; nor shall you for
 “ the future be trusted with yourself —
 “ there are dark Rooms, and Beds of
 “ Straw, and other Requisites for Ladies
 “ in your Condition to be found——such
 “ Usage may, perhaps, bring you to a
 “ just Sense of what you owe my Charac-
 “ ter and your own, which too mild a
 “ Treatment has made you utterly for-
 “ get.”

It is probable she listen'd to Part of
 these Words, for struggling with her
 Might, and loosing herself from him.—

“ Villain! cry'd she, Fool! always the
 “ Object of my Hate, now of my Scorn,
 “ know it is my only Pride, my only
 “ Glory, to have been lov'd by the ado-
 “ rable *Melanthus* — and to gall thee
 “ more, I will avow it too, avow it to the
 “ whole World — and think it greater

“ Ho-

“ Honour, as it is greater Pleasure, to
 “ die with him, than it is to live with
 “ thee.”

She had scarce finish'd this Declaration before she was out of the Room — she flew down Stairs, and through a great Court-Yard into the Street with such Precipitation, that it would have been impossible for any one, not agitated with the same Vehemence of Passion, to have overtaken her, had the Surprize at the Extravagance of such a Behaviour, not taken from them the Power of attempting it. — The Earl remain'd with Part of her Robes in his Hands, which were torn in struggling to get from him, like one whom a Bolt of Thunder had riveted to the Earth; her Woman, and Pages who were attending in the Anti-Chamber, and had heard all that passed, seem'd little less astonish'd. None had the Power of Utterance, for a Time; but when they regain'd it, it is easy to believe the Discourse, which such an Adventure occasion'd, was not soon at an End.

In

In the mean While, the Countess, wholly bereft of Reason, wild with impatient Sorrow, with Garments ruffled, and dishevell'd Hair, ran through the Streets, regardless of the gaping Croud, which her distracted Looks and Dishabillée had drawn about her, nor stop'd till at the Gate of that dear House, in which she had passed so many happy Hours with her Soul's Darling *Melantbus*. — Demanding to see his Body, she was admitted by the wondering Servant. — But it would take more Time than I can spare, to recount to you the various Turns of Frenzy which possessed her at Sight of an Object at once so shocking to Nature, and to Love. — She clung about the cold and breathless Corpse, bath'd it with her Tears, press'd the clammy Lips with hers, and seem'd to strive to breathe her Soul between them, as though she had Hope to re-animate the still-lov'd Heart, which had been used to dictate the tender Words they spoke.

It

It was not without the utmost Force, that some Persons sent by her Mother (whom the Earl had by this Time inform'd her of her Behaviour) tore her from this Scene of Horror ; nor was it any Thing but the most watchful Diligence that prevented her from destroying herself, after she was remov'd.

She remain'd for some Time in the Earl, her Husband's House, in the most pitious Condition imaginable, nor when she was, in all Appearance, perfectly recovered of that Violence of Passion, which might very well bear the Denomination of Madness, would she consent to eat, or sleep with him ; nay, not even to speak to him ; — neither did he seem desirous of it ; therefore the Buildings being extremely large, their Apartments were as distant from each other, as they could be order'd ; if they met, it was by Chance, and they pass'd each other but as Strangers.

In this uneasy and discontented State both languish'd away some Months, 'till the Earl still loving her with a Tenderness, which not all her Ingratitude could erase, yet asham'd to acknowledge what he thought so great a Weakness, bethought him of a Method, which, 'till then, never came into his Mind: He remember'd to have been told by some that knew her Sex, that many Women, who have little or no Sense of Gratitude, have a very quick one of Jealousy; and rather than not undo a Rival, would yield to that which no other Motive could induce them to accept: That Vanity which had, in her Days of Gaiety, been a very conspicuous Part of the Countess's Character, inclin'd him to believe, that if he counterfeited a Passion for another, it might give her some Alarms — the Consequence of which could not but be favourable to him.

Full of this Hope, he made his Addresses to a Creature of almost the most indifferent Figure he could chuse out, on Purpose that she might receive the more poinant Shock, —— when she reflected, that the Man who had possessed her, could after feel a Passion for one so every Way the reverse. —— He entertain'd her in so publick and so splendid a Manner, that the whole Town rang of it. —— Every body was surpriz'd at the Alteration —— some blam'd his Choice, others commended his Repentment, which they imagin'd it proceeded from; but few saw into the true Reason of it.

Perceiving all he yet had done, work'd not the Effect he aim'd at, he went farther, made her a Settlement of a thousand Pounds a Year —— and at last took her into the House, and lodg'd her in an Appartment next to the Countess's.

As

As regardless as she really was of all he had done before, this last Action piqu'd her to the Soul; she could not bear so near a Neighbourhood of a Woman whom she, and all the World, believ'd her Husband's Mistress, though a Husband she had never lov'd, and resolv'd never to Bed with more: — But knowing herself too guilty, and too publickly so, to complain, she disguis'd the Chagrin she conceiv'd at it, while she tarried in the House, which indeed was no longer than her Equipage could be got ready. — She took Shipping in a very little Time, and left the Nation.

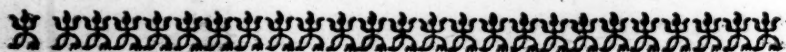
The Earl, either aſham'd to deſcend ſo far; after her Uſage, or becauſe he knew it would be in vain, did not endeavour to ſtop her; — and what the Conſequence of this Separation will be, the myſterious Book of Fate can only

only say. ——— But if one may form a
 Guess by the Place she has made Choice
 of, for her Retirement, it is not with
 a Design to lead the Life of a Recluse,
 that she is gone.





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
CHARLOTTA DE MAL.



BY no Desert, by no good Quality, but the Recommendation of a great Sum of Money to her Dowry, *Charlotta* was rais'd to the Title she is now possess'd of. — A young Marquis at his Coming to his Estate, found it very much involv'd, Money therefore was what he wanted to pay off the Mortgages; and *Charlotta* being posses'd of that, he requir'd not the Addition of any other Charm. — His Marriage with her did indeed set free his

his Patrimony, but entail'd a Load of Anguish on his Heart, which all the Wealth in the Universe could not buy off: it must be confess'd that at first he gave her some little Occasion of Chagrin, by giving into those Debaucheries which among the Nobility of this Nation are become too fashionable. — he gam'd, drank hard, had his Amours, but none of these to a scandalous Excess——nor could he be ever tax'd, even in his loosest Hours, of doing an unnatural'd or dishonourable Action. — Had he been bless'd with a Wife who knew how to use proper Methods to reclaim him, he had doubtless much sooner been brought to quit those Extravagancies, which at worst could be call'd no other than the Sallies of Youth, and which Custom, and the Company he kept, made appear more excusable to his Reflection, than in reality they were. — But *Charlotta* of a perverse and peevish Disposition, took not the least Care to make Home pleasing to him——on the contrary, she was for ever upbraiding him with the vast Fortune she had brough him

——tel-

—— telling him she wish'd she had never seen his Face, —— that he was an unworthy Man ; and all this she utter'd in the rudest Manner, for she had neither a natural Genius, nor the Improvements of Education to render her polite, or obliging.

How little such a Behaviour was likely to succeed, any one may judge—— the Provocations on both Sides increased daily, 'till at last their Manner of living together was intolerable : —— Cupid had never been by either of them consulted in the Nuptials neither of them had seen in the other any Thing to create a tender Wish : He had married her meerly for the Sake of Interest and Convenience ; she, him, for Title and Precedence : And both thinking the Remedy a greater Evil than the Disease, join'd to curse the Tye they had not Power to break.

The continual Disagreement between them, was too publick not to occasion such kind of Conversation as commonly fills the
Town

Town when such Eruptions happen ; and when once 'tis known that a Husband and Wife are at Enmity with each other, it lays the Woman open to all Manner of Temptations.

As few Attractions as *Charlotta* was Mistress of, she was not without those who swore she had more than any of her Sex, nor did she want a good Share of that Foible which most of them are possess'd of, that Vanity of believing all that was said in her Praise. — This Love of Flattery, join'd to the Insinuations of some Women-Acquaintance, led her into Secrets to which before she was altogether a Stranger — she fell, as it were, insensibly into Intrigue ; but when once enter'd, the greatest *Matchiavellian* of her Sex that Way, could never out-do her in Stratagem and Artifices.

She and two more Ladies form'd a Cabal, swore to maintain the Secrets of each other with an inviolable Fidelity, and to do their utmost to expose and render odious all Womankind besides —
they

they used frequently to go out upon Parties, as they term'd it, that is, pretended a Jaunt, into the Country, which in Reality was no farther than a Bagnio: each had her Gallant, thought not always the same, for this Triumvirate had concluded it impolitick that each should have no more than one String to her Bow.

It would be too tedious to recount their various Amours——no Degree, no Rank, no Complexion, but they made Trial of, till by a long Continuance in these vicious Practices, *Charlotta* grew bold in Infamy, and seem'd to glory in her Shamelessness.—— She gave a Proof of it, which I question if the most abandon'd trading Prostitute would not have blush'd to have done—— she would have her Favourite Woman *Eliza* lie on a Pallet by her, whenever she receiv'd a new Gallant in Bed, saying, she would make her judge which of them appear'd to have the greatest Passion for her, and was most worthy of her Embraces.

'Tis certain, however, that among the Multiplicity of her Enamoratoes, young
Nar-

Narvatos was for a great while the reigning Monarch of her Soul ; infomuch, that when he was obliged to take a long Voyage, whence he did not return so soon as was expected, she had recourse to Sigils, Charms, Talismans, and Hell only knows what Arts to bring him back.—— She went to a Pretender in the Diabolical Science (of which there are a great Number in this Island) and told him if he could give her this Proof of his Skill, she would spare no Cost to gratify him.—— He assured her, 'twas in his Power, but that the Expence would be great, and to defray it, she must lay down at least a hundred Pounds. She made no scruple of giving what he demanded, and desired he would be as expeditious in the Affair as possible.

A Day was set for this Tryal of his Capacity, and she coming according to Appointment, a Circle was made, in the middle of which she was placed, with a strict Charge neither to move, nor speak, whatever happen'd.—— This she assur'd him she had Courage enough to obey——and all things ready, he began his Incantations.

—An Image was made in Wax, resembling *Narvatos*, which, with other magical Preparations, were thrown into a Pot, under which stood a Chafing-Dish, with Ingredients for Fire, when the Conjuror should find a lucky Moment to kindle it.

He tumbled over a great Number of Leaves of a Book he held in his Hand, then muttering a long unintelligible Invocation, with a great deal of Solemnity lighted the fatal Fewel.—The Fumigation immediately grew so strong, and the Stench so horridly suffocating, that *Charlotte* was unable to endure it; and starting up, cry'd — “What have you “done?—O *Jupiter*! I am poison'd.” —The Fellow feign'd to be in a prodigious Rage, threw down his Book, and told her she had ruin'd all; and if she would have the Design go on, and *Narvatos* recall'd, she must produce the same Sum she had given him before, for he must now begin all again.—She had too much Sense not to see into the Meaning of the Trick he had put upon her, and would not be cheated

cheated twice—nay, she was so angry at the Imposition, that she would have sued him openly by Form of Law, to oblige him to return the Money he had taken, if a certain Lady, to whom she told the Affair, and who had more Concern for her Reputation than she had herself, had not with a great many Persuasions prevail'd on her to let it die.

None of her Spells having any Effect, and *Narvatos* not returning, she at length grew weary of wishing for him, and sought her Consolation in Embraces less difficult to be obtain'd. In the mean time, the Marquis perfectly acquainted with her monstrous Actions, was endeavouring a Divorce, not doubting but that it would be easy to prove, her Behaviour had highly justified his Proceedings in that Manner against her. — She was secretly inform'd of it; and before he could get any Process out, found Means to give something in his Meat, which, for a Time, wholly depriv'd him of the Use of his Reason —

he was for three Years like a Man infatuated.

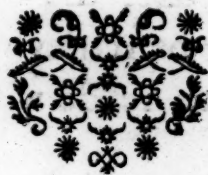
This she kept close from the Eye of the World, and pretending he was only a little indispos'd — in his Delirium made him assign the entire Management of his Estate to her. — She had been made to believe, by those that prepar'd them for her, that the pernicious Drugs she had given him, would not cease their Effects till Death — but she found the Deceit at a Time she least suspected it. — All on a sudden he recover'd as from a long Sleep; and hastily leaving the Place she had conceal'd him in, applied to Officers proper for that Purpose; and bringing them with him, broke into his House, surpriz'd her in the midst of her Riots; and seizing on every Thing that belong'd to her, turn'd her, and those of the Family, which he had Reason to suspect had been her Adherents, out of Doors. — He now pursued his Intention of being divorced with all imaginable Vigour; and had not been unsuccessful

ful in his Endeavours, if Death had not put an End to his Prosecution.

He left behind him two Sons and a Daughter, a young Lady of an uncommon Beauty — her Fate is justly deserving Commiseration, since her too great Tenderness for a Mother, tho' an unworthy one, would not suffer her to leave her in her Affliction, tho' commanded by the Marquis to do so; which incensed him so far, as to make him forget he was a Father, and cut her off at once from his Favour and Fortune. — She is doubly undone in her Interest and Reputation by this Division between her Parents; but 'tis to be hoped her Brother may repair the one, the other 'tis impossible should ever be retriev'd, at least whilst she continues to reside with the Marchioness.

As for that Wanton, she is so far from having any Remorse for the Crimes she has been guilty of, that she adds daily to the Number of them; and though her own Sons avoid her Presence, and have
obliged

obliged her to commence a Suit in Law against them for her Dower, though the whole World contemns her, and all the Virtuous hate her; though she finds herself a Companion for none but the most abandon'd and profligate Part of the Creation, yet she regards it not, but perseveres in those Vices which have justly render'd her so detestable both to the Gods, and all good Men.





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
J U L I A N A.

JULIANA was Partaker of all the Vices of the Marchioness, always one of her Party, and Partner in most of the same Scenes of Debauchery.—She is full as loose in her Inclinations, but more avaricious in her Humour ; and 'tis not to be wonder'd at, that such a Composition should be capable of every Kind of Evil.

She began to intrigue at a very early Age, and grew immediately a Proficient in the Art.—That Modesty, which is, or
ought

ought to be the Characteristick of Womanhood, was thrown off with her Bib and Apron—and she so soon forgot what it was to blush; and was so careless in concealing her Amours, that at Fifteen she was surpriz'd even in the very Act of Shame with *Polydore*, by two of his Companions; she only laugh'd, and told them they wish'd themselves in his Place.

Even Incest was not capable of shocking her; having in a few Years run thro' a handsome Fortune, she receiv'd a Maintenance from two Brothers, who by turns caress'd her, and by Consent contributed to her Support. After submitting to the Circumstance of a kept Mistress, she became the most mercenary, and self-interested of all that ever follow'd the Profession——the most despicable of Mankind, if they had Wealth, were welcome to her Arms; but without that Charm, not the most lovely could be receiv'd.——Till her Acquaintance with *Charlotta* and the Wife of a certain great Man, since dead

dead, she preserv'd this Principle, but those Ladies soon convinced her of the Possibility of indulging herself in Pleasures without Prejudice to her Interest ; and being once brought into the Party, confessed she found her Account in it. — This Triumvirate had a League among themselves, never to interfere with each other's Property, and to be aiding and assisting to each other as much as possible in the procuring new Conquests, and securing former ones. — She now gave a Loose to Desires of a far different Nature than the Love of Gold, but had the Address to divide herself between the two Passions, so as to prevent the one from being any way prejudicial to the other. — One Hour of Love was succeeded by another of Interest. — She was so exact an Oeconomist, and made so good Use of her Time that she had always an Opportunity of being happy with the Man she liked, and never miss'd one with the Man whose Purse was at her Devotion.

It was in this detestable Manner she liv'd, till the Baron *de Bone* grew infatuated by her destructive Charms, and, contrary to all Advice, took her to his honourable Embraces.

He married her without any other Portion than a Load of Infamy, and behav'd himself to her in a Manner very different from that with which he had treated his former Wife, tho' she had been a most accomplish'd Lady, was descended from one of the best Families among the Gentry in the Island, and had ever deservedly bore the Character of a Woman of nice Honour and Virtue. — But 'tis this that drives the God of Love from any longer Residence among these ungrateful People ; if they love at all, it is always an Object undeserving Affection — the Favourite and most conspicuous Attributes of Cupid, Constancy and Sincerity, are despis'd, illtreated, and a little superficial Beauty, or the Reputation of a trifling
flashy

flashy Wit, triumphs over the most excellent Qualifications of the Soul.

The Baron doated on his unenvy'd Happiness; and though she prosecuted her former Pleasures with little less Privacy than before, he was blind to her Faults, continued his Fondness to her, and by his last Testament left her possess'd of the greatest Part of his Wealth, though to the entire Disappointment and Ruin of one of the finest Youths in the World, his Nephew, and whom he had the Charge of from his Infancy, with his Promise to make a Provision for him proportionable to his Birth.——This vile Woman, his Uncle yet unburied, turn'd him out of Doors, and he has been since obliged to Law to give him even that small Pittance the Baron left him.

Notwithstanding the Riches she was possess'd of by the Dotage and Death of her Husband, she thought it not beneath her to add to them, by making Sale of her
Fa-

Favours to those whose Inclinations led them to become Customers, and has by those shameful Measures amass'd together a vast heap of Money——She is now past her Prime: but still finds some who think her very desirable.—— She is oblig'd indeed to make Advances, and softens her Charms much more than she was accus-tom'd —— the severe and haughty Air in Youth commanded Admiration; but in her Declension, would be far from answering her Aim.—— Her Voice now wears a tender Accent, her Eyes persuasive Glances.

Viperius descended from a Family little distinguish'd for any extraordinary Qualification, —— none of them have done any Thing worthy of bearing Arms, nor is he any more than a Trading Citizen, though a much more eminent one than any of his Ancestors.—— His natural Capacity and Cunning, and Readiness to conform to any Principles which would be of Advantage towards his getting Money,
render'd

render'd him a fit Engine for the great Mover of this Machine. — Long Custom had made the Art of Deceiving so habitual to him, that to have been employ'd in any Concern where Honesty and fair Dealing were requisite to make him a Gainer, he would have found it difficult to render himself capable; but in a Business where both Profit and Inclination join'd to make him diligent, 'tis almost incredible what vast Advantages he has made by it.

—— But as avaricious as he is in every other Affair of Life none can be more profusely lavish than he is in the Gratification of his brutal Inclination: The most Profligate of Womankind have been taken and supported by him, in a Fashion which has made those of Quality look on the fine Presents with which he adorn'd them, with as much Envy, as they did with Contempt on the Means by which they had acquir'd them. — 'Tis the Knowledge of this which makes *Juliana* so willing to engage him; and 'tis not to be doubted but she will find all those Advantages she expects in an Intimacy with him.

Moderno

Moderno has not one good Quality to commend him, unless Vanity, Ostentation, Pride and Ill-nature may be allow'd to be of the Number ; but that which has won him the Ladies Favour, is, that he is always the first in the Fashion, as to his Dress, can instruct them in the modelling theirs, and has an unwearied Propensity to Scandal ; he is one that never speaks ill of any to their Faces, nor well behind their Backs : He has all the News of the Town ; and what he wants in Intelligence, he makes up with Invention, so is never at a Loss for Conversation.

With these Materials, and a vast Stock of Assurance, he sets up for a Wit, and values himself as much on the Reputation of being one, as he does in the Reversion of an Estate, at present in the Possession of an Uncle, who has a greater Regard for Merit, than to suffer any Part of it to descend where there is so visible a Deficiency, if he can any way avoid it. — He is taking all possible Measures to cut off the Intail ; and it is highly probable

ble this Fop, may, in the End, find himself as much mistaken in his Hope of being rich, as those who have been weak enough to confide in what he has told them, have done of his Veracity and good Sense.

He drop'd in a publick Coffee-House, the other Day, a Packet of Letters, written to him by several Ladies, with a Design to expose them, and make known the Force of his own Charms ; but a *Silph*, who happen'd to have a particular Regard for one of the fair Scriblers, prevented his Intention, and snatch'd it from the Ground unseen by any body : — Swift as an Arrow from the twanging Bow, he cut the yielding Air, and reach'd *Olympus*, where, at that Time a general Assembly of the Gods commanded Cupid's Attendance—— The charitable Spirit reveal'd the intended Evil, and begg'd he would no more trust, with his Darts, a Wretch so incapable of using them, either to his Honour, or that of the Fair Sex, who felt their Power.——

No-

Nothing could be more tender than some of those Letters.—But you shall judge of them :

To the most agreeable of his
Sex, the charming and accomplished *MODERNO*.

“ IF Love were a Passion that would
“ I admit of Argument, how many
“ could I raise in Opposition to the Ten-
“ derness I feel for you. Not but when
“ I consider the numberless Perfections
“ you are Master of, even Reason tells
“ me you are worthy of all a Woman
“ can bestow ; — but then your In-
“ constancy, that cruel Mutability of
“ Temper, which renders it impossible to
“ have any Dependence on your Words
“ or Oaths, makes you the most dange-
“ rous of all created Beings—’tis un-
“ safe to hear you ; sure Destruction at-
“ tends the unwary Nymph, who listens
“ to your deceiving Accents. — I know

“ I

“ I am lost.—I see my Ruin, yet have not
 “ Power to shun the dear Deceit. —
 “ In pity come no more near me—avoid
 “ my Presence — tell me you hate me
 “ — do any Thing rather than undo
 “ me by a pretended Softness, which I well
 “ know your Heart is incapable of feeling
 “ — but oh ! the mad Request ! how
 “ could I support the Grant of it ! —
 “ How bear the Pangs of an eternal
 “ Absence ! I live but in your Love—
 “ false though I know your Vows, they
 “ yet are all that my fond Soul can cherish
 “ as a Blessing — haste then to repeat
 “ them — to charm me to an Extasy —
 “ regard not the wild Extravagancies of a
 “ Passion, which knows not what to
 “ wish, to hope or fear. — Do you in-
 “ struct me, inform my wandering Sense,
 “ convert the less pleasing Agitations all
 “ into Desire, and raise to Immortality the
 “ whole Soul of

The distractedly enamour'd

HORTEUNA.

P. S.

“ P. S. I shall expect you this Evening;
 “ fail not to come, if you esteem my Love,
 “ or think me worthy of yours.”

This Billet was written by the Daughter of a certain Marquis, who refusing the honourable Pretensions of one of the finest young Noblemen in the Island, listen'd to the undoing Addresses of this *Moderno*. He has since that debauch'd her; she had a Child by him, of which she was deliver'd at a Midwife's House, privately, as she thought; but the Affair took Wind, and her Father has sent her to an Aunt's in the Country, where she still lives in a Retirement and Restraint, far unsuitable to her Inclinations. But this Adventure is not the most remarkable that has happen'd to *Moderno*, as you will perceive, when you have proceeded a little farther in the Packet.

To

To the Angel of my Wishes, my
 dear, dear *MODERNO*.

“ **I** Long’d for an Opportunity to let
 “ you know what pass’d since last
 “ Night; dearly had I like to have pur-
 “ chas’d those few happy Moments in
 “ which I had you in my Arms. — My
 “ Husband, unknown to me, was in an
 “ Arbour all the while, and cross’d the
 “ Garden, just as you pass’d through it
 “ to the Back-Gate: He heard the Door
 “ unlock; and believing it to be Thieves,
 “ rais’d the House immediately: All the
 “ Servants were dispatch’d, some one
 “ Way, some another, with Lights, and
 “ a strict Charge to be careful in their
 “ Search; but they returning without be-
 “ ing able to bring any Intelligence, which
 “ was rather owing to my good Fortune
 “ than your Caution, he grew sullen on
 “ a sudden, and put me into a terrible
 “ Apprehension, thas he was suspicious of
 “ the Truth. I was so much alarm’d at
 it,

“ it, knowing how violent he is in all his
 “ Passions, that I believe it would have
 “ gone nigh to have thrown me into a
 “ Swoon, if he had not as soon as we
 “ were alone, told me that he was strangely
 “ uneasy: For he certainly had seen the
 “ Appearance of a Man, and that he believ’d
 “ it was a Spirit. ——— He then
 “ made me acquainted with a long Story,
 “ which ’till then I had never heard; that
 “ having in his Youth fought a Duel with
 “ a young Baronet, he had the Misfortune
 “ of wounding him mortally. ——— This
 “ Suggestion had taken so deep a Root in
 “ him, that all I could say was ineffectual
 “ to remove it: He stedfastly believes
 “ you were the Spirit of that departed
 “ Gentleman, and expects no other than
 “ that he shall be haunted by this perturb’d
 “ Apparition. ——— I could not forbear
 “ being surpriz’d at first, that a Man
 “ of his good Sense in other Things
 “ should so unaccountably be possessed of
 “ a Whimsy like this; ——— but on second
 “ Thoughts was well enough pleas’d
 “ at it; — for I fancy it may be of no
 “ small

“ small Service to the promoting our Con-
 “ versation. — If he should happen to
 “ surprize us, it is but my counterfeiting
 “ a prodigious Terror, and crying out,
 “ a Ghost! a Ghost! and he will scarce
 “ come near enough to distinguish the
 “ Flesh from the Spirit. — I confess I
 “ had no little Diversion in my Thoughts
 “ since this Knowledge of his Prepo-
 “ session, I wish it may afford you as much,
 “ and that I were Conjurer enough to set
 “ a Spell to keep the dear charming Ap-
 “ parition for ever in the Circle of my
 “ Arms. — I am with all imaginable
 “ Transport,

My lovely MODERNO's

Eternally devoted

ISABELLA.

“ P. S. I had forgot to let you know my
 “ Spouse will be abroad all the Afternoon,
 “ and you may venture to come, without
 “ Danger of Exorcism: Farewell. The
 “ little Sleep I had after you left me, was
 “ taken up in dreaming of you.”

Isabella was a Woman who had the most doating Husband on Earth; he studied nothing so much as how to please her, and had settled a Jointure on her, vastly beyond the Expectations of her Friends: but she sold the Reversion of it, made an Elopement from her Husband, and having squander'd away the best Part of her Money, and being in a little Time abandon'd by *Moderno*, lives now at large, contemn'd by all who know her. — But neither this, nor the former Letter, can afford you half the Matter of Reflection as will the next you shall peruse.

To my Soul's Joy and Care, the
most adorable *MODERNO*.

“ I Receiv'd your last, if possible, with
 “ greater Transport than any of your
 “ former ones, because it gives me an Op-
 “ portunity of proving the Sincerity of
 “ my Affection, but am amazed, my dear
 “ *Moderno*, should make any Apology for
 his

“ his Request to one that loves him as I
 “ do.——I send you enclosed the triffl-
 “ ing Sum you writ for; and be assured,
 “ that to serve you, I would not refuse
 “ a much greater, were it in my Power,
 “ I only wish I had the Means to put you
 “ past those Dangers you fear,——If I
 “ had been bless’d with your Affection
 “ sooner, it had been better for us both ;
 “ I then should have given you Instances
 “ of my Love worth your receiving, ——
 “ My Daughter should have been yet un-
 “ married, if Money was the Requisite to
 “ get her a Husband, and my Son have
 “ had an Education less expensive ; but
 “ as I have reduced myself by a too fond
 “ maternal Care, I am ashamed to think
 “ how little I am able to show the Fer-
 “ vency of my Zeal for the dear Interest of
 “ the charming *Moderno*. —— However,
 “ I beg you will always command me ;
 “ and when you no longer reap any Bene-
 “ fit from my good Wishes, believe it, as
 “ it is, that you suffer only through my
 “ Inability.——There yet remains some
 Timber

“ Timber on the Land which I have
 “ Power to cut down, and some Plate
 “ in my Bureau which I am not tied from
 “ the disposal of ; and if another Accident
 “ of this Kind or any other should happen,
 “ I beg you will make the same use of my
 “ Friendship as now.——To the last
 “ Guinea all is yours, and you may easily
 “ believe it when you are already convinc’d
 “ that you are the entire Possessor of my
 “ Soul, and that there is nothing on Earth
 “ so dear and valuable as *Moderno*, to his

Most passionate, and

Ever faithful

SOPHRONIA.

This Woman is the Jest of all who
 know her, and even despis’d by that De-
 mon, whose Influence obliges her to act
 in a manner so contradictory to Reason,
 and indeed to Nature : it is not above five
 Moons since she buried her third Husband,
 for whose Sake she had almost given up all
 the Frugality her two former ones had
 amass’d ;

amass'd ; yet is she now equally infatuated by *Moderno*. The Sum mention'd in the Letter was no less than one thousand Pounds, but that was but the Beginning of the Favours he requir'd: Whenever he lost at play, or saw a fine Jewel he had a mind to purchase, it was to *Sopkronia* he had recourse ; 'till she has now little left to bestow, but the Continuance of those amorous Fondnesses, which were scarce supportable, even when he was a Gainer by the Frenzy which inspir'd her to treat him with them, but are now no longer worth the Pains of Dissimulation.—— Age therefore has its Follies as well as Youth ; and the Inhabitants of this Isle are so degenerated from these noble Principles they once boasted to excel all other Nations in, that they are now Objects of Pity to those Nations who envied them before.—— Nature is so much inverted, that that Sex whose Right 'tis to attract and command, are the first who sue for what they ought to fly, and court Undoing as a Favour.—— How many Men are there who have no other Dependance, and owe their whole Support

to the lavish and unbecoming Fondness of Womankind ! 'tis grown a kind of Trade, and neither Sex blush to be oblig'd this Way.—Oh ! why do these detested bargain-makers blaspheme the Name of Love, and call these purchas'd, these polluted Joys the Rewards of Love ! Base, mean, abandoned, mercenary Prostitutes ! How dare they impute that to the Influence of Cupid, which only Lust and sordid Interest excites, and where, as one of their own Poets says,

— Cou'd the Experiment be try'd,
A Dog with Two-pence would not be deny'd !

Tha next Billet contain'd these Words,

To the everlasting Charmer of
my Nights, and Joy of my
Days, my lovely MODERNO.

“ I Have been in all the Confusion ima-
“ ginable since you left me ; what
“ could you mean by going away so
“ abruptly ? I expected to have been blef-
“ sed with your dear Society the whole

“ Night, I should easily have made a Pre-
 “ tence to have got rid of those trouble-
 “ some Impertinents, that came to visit
 “ me : But I fear, you were glad of an
 “ Excuse to leave me ; nor are my Suspi-
 “ cions without Cause. *Leonora* hurried
 “ ter you immediately, and one who knows
 “ all her Secrets, assur’d me you had
 “ made an Assignment with her by your
 “ Eyes ; — she told me also, that this
 “ was not the first Time you had been
 “ together ; and that she had seen Let-
 “ ters from you, containing the most ten-
 “ der Declarations of Love imaginable.
 “ — If this be true, how truly miserable
 “ is *Eleonora* ? — To have you mine,
 “ and wholly mine, I would with Plea-
 “ sure forego all other Considerations ;
 “ but dear as you are, I cannot consent
 “ to share you with another. — No, when-
 “ ever the cruel Certainty of that arrives,
 “ I never will consent to see you more ;
 “ I’ll tear myself from all those Joys,
 “ those nameless, numberless, inconceiv-
 “ able Felicities your Presence gives —

“ though in executing this Resolution, I
 “ must endure Agonies, such as they tell
 “ us are the Portion of the damn’d. —
 “ Oh! *Moderno*, what do I feel in but
 “ the bare Imagination that thou canst
 “ be false! Lovely Undoer of my Peace,
 “ be quick to prove *Leonora* in the wrong.
 “ — What we wish, we easily believe,
 “ my fond Soul would give the Lie to
 “ a Person of more Veracity than she, if
 “ you professed your Innocence. — Haste
 “ then to bless me with your Vows, those
 “ soft, those tender, those prevailing Vows,
 “ which have had the Power to render
 “ those I made to Heaven, and my too
 “ cautious Friends, of no Effect: — In
 “ thy dear Arms let me lose all my Fears,
 “ and with renew’d Endearments drive
 “ from my tormented Breast this Devil,
 “ Jealousy. — Stay not to write, there is
 “ nothing but your Presence can give me
 “ Ease. If all I heard be not Truth---if
 “ indeed I am not the most unhappy,
 “ the most accurs’d of all my easy yield-
 “ ing

“ ing Sex, come with the Bearer, and
 “ meet with equal Ardours, equal Extasies, the

Impatient, the Adoring,

The Heart-tortur'd

E L E A N O R A.

The next Billet which presented itself, seeming to be writ by the same Hand, I proceeded to examine what it contain'd, which was in this Manner.

To the most ungrateful of Mankind, the perjured, but still dear *M O D E R N O*.

“ **I**T is then true that I am lost, be-
 “ tray'd, abandon'd; your Silence, and
 “ your Absence confess your Inconstancy,
 “ and show me what a wretched Fool I
 “ have been, to trust a Man who I knew

“ had been false to others.—Oh ! I could
 “ curse myself, and tear out my own
 “ fond credulous Heart. It is not in your
 “ Power to be just, or good : Ingrati-
 “ tude is ingrafted in your very Nature,
 “ it is a Part of your Being, and you
 “ cannot shake it off without parting at
 “ the same Time with Life. ———
 “ Blind and stupid that I was, to imagine
 “ there could be a Reformation in him
 “ whose whole Soul is made up of Hy-
 “ pocrify and Deceit, and whose every
 “ Action, since he could write Man, has
 “ shew’d the Villain. ——— Oh ! I am
 “ mad !——pardon the harsh Expressions
 “ of my jealous Frenzy ——I mean not
 “ as I say——I love you still, nor scarce
 “ repent the Ruin I have yielded to ——
 “ all Men are false——all Men are Hy-
 “ pocrites in Love, and you, but as the
 “ rest, only more lovely, more endear-
 “ ing far——and if you have the Vices
 “ incident to your Sex, you have, to
 “ excuse the Woman they undo, Perfec-
 “ tions which not one besides yourself can
 “ boast.

“ boast. — Never were Eyes so form’d
 “ to charm, as yours. — Never
 “ had any Tongue persuasive Force like
 “ yours.—The Gods of Love and Wit con-
 “ spire to aid you—thou more than Angel !
 “ —thou God of my Desires ! thou
 “ something more than Words can speak !
 “ —Oh ! I grow wild again, Remem-
 “ brance of those extatick Joys your Kind-
 “ nefs has bestow’d, is as dangerous to
 “ Sense, as those Heart-rending Agonies
 “ your Falshood now inflicts. —Neither
 “ are they to be borne, each is enough
 “ to overthrow Reflection ; how is my
 “ divided Soul then rent ’twixt both !—
 “ Pity me, ease me, see me once more,
 “ and tell me if *Eleonara* must engross
 “ you all—give me but the Satisfaction
 “ of knowing whether I ought to love or
 “ hate you—Oh ! that I had never known
 “ a Cause to doubt which Choice to make
 “ —Curse on the vain officious Tongue
 “ that rais’d this jealous Fury.—Curse on
 “ my Readiness to listen to such destructive
 “ Tales — But doubly curs’d be my own
 “ to

“ want of Charms, which had not Power
 “ to hold you, yet flatter’d me they had.
 “ —Torture ---- Distraction ---- Hell ----
 “ what will become of me—I cannot—
 “ I will not survice the Knowledge that
 [“ you are mine no more. —Yet this
 “ Suspence is worse than all yet ever bore
 “ the Name of Horror. ——— Let me
 “ not linger in it, if you have Humanity
 “ ———declare my Doom at once——be
 “ kind in Cruelty at least, and let one
 “ Death conclude the thousand, thousand
 “ Deaths which every Minute of Uncer-
 “ tainty brings with it, to

The miserable, but

Still adoring

ELEONORA.

“ P. S. I have order’d the Messenger
 “ to bring an Answer ; if he comes with-
 “ out, believe me, I will murder him, and
 “ then myself.

Eleanora

Eleonora was the only Daughter of a Country Gentleman of a plentiful Estate; some Business happening to call *Moderno* to the Village where they liv'd, he presently cast his Eyes on the Heiress, with a Design of making his Fortune by marrying her.—He made his Addresses with such Success, that he soon found himself enough in the Favour of the young Lady, to encourage him to hope he should have her Consent——but the Father's was not so easy to be obtain'd——he look'd on him with other Eyes; and finding his Daughter too much prepossessed with a good Opinion of him, forbid him his House, and threaten'd her with his eternal Displeasure, if she continu'd any Correspondence with him.

Moderno who never had Tenderness enough of Nature to feel the Influence of Cupid, regarded it no farther than as this Disappointment was a Prejudice to his Interest; and Vain, Ostentations, and

Self-sufficient, to give himself an Air of not valuing *Eleonora*, or her Fortune, immediately made court to a young Lady in the Neighbourhood : her Name was *Lucilla*, pretty enough to excuse the violent Passion he pretended to her, and of a Birth superior to *Eleonora*, though much below her in Point of the World's Idol, Wealth.

The poor young artless Maid, unskill'd in Deceit, and unacquainted with those Artifices, which those who call themselves the Beau Monde made Use of in Conversation, thought *Moderno* the finest Thing she had ever seen, admir'd his Wit, his Manner of Address, his Notions ; his Knowledge seem'd to her, who never had experienc'd better, to be prodigious : And she believ'd him so worthy of her Affections, that she could not, without being guilty of sinning against Reason, deny him the utmost Proof of them.----In fine, he won so far upon her, as to obtain the last Favour a Woman has to bestow : She
grew

grew with Child by him, and an Aunt of hers, with whom she was educated perceiving it, was not a little confounded what she should do to repair the Disgrace her Niece was like to fall into.----She talk'd to *Moderno* on the Affair, and pressed him to marry her, as the unhappy young Lady had told her he had promis'd, but he had been to wary to give any such Testimony under his Hand, and had little Regard to a verbal Contract.——He denied he had made her any such Promise ; and though he refus'd what she desir'd with the most courtly Air imaginable, it was easy for her to see there was nothing to be expected from him —— she thereon fell to catechising her Niece with all Severity, who asham'd of her Weakness, and half distracted at the discover'd Coldness and Perjury of *Moderno*, attempted to put an End at once to her Life, and the Misery which attended it.——She swallow'd Poison ; but being discover'd before it had Time to work the pernicious Effect it was design'd for, proper Medicines were

applied to expel it, and she liv'd ; and what was more to be admir'd, the Child within her suffer'd not by what she had taken, and she was in due Time deliver'd of a Daughter.

Moderno all this While was paying his Devoirs to a Widow Lady of a great Jointure, and had certainly obtain'd his Point, but for the sudden Arrival of her Brother, who perfectly acquainted with *Moderno's* Character, gave her a seasonable Warning, and wrought so far upon her, as to prevail on her to dismiss him.

These Amours could not but make a prodigious Eclat in the Country ; *Eleonora* soon heard of them, and though she had lost all Hope of marrying him herself, could not be told of his addressing another Woman so near her, without feeling an inexpressible Chagrin. She writ to obbraid him with the little Tendernefs she now perceiv'd he ever had for her, since he could so soon carry it elsewhere. —

But

But alas! she knew not what she did in renewing this Correspondence with him, though she had design'd no more than to express her Resentment. That very Resentment show'd so much of Love, that it embolden'd him to imagine he might prevail on her to believe any Thing.— He answer'd her Letter with all the seeming Affection imaginable, fill'd it with Protestations that he never did, nor never could love any but herself——that his Passion for *Lucilla*, and the other Lady, had been but counterfeited, only to discover what Impression the News of such a Behaviour would make on her; and concluded with an Entreaty that she would vouchsafe him a Meeting in private, when he told her he doubted not but he should convince her, that he was and would be eternally her Slave.

The credulous Maid, who in spite of all she had been inform'd of, ceas'd not to love him with an unabated Fondness, receiv'd his fictitious Promises with a
Tran-

Transport beyond what even his Vanity had made him hope ; she consented to see him, and made the Appointment at an old Woman's House, who formerly had been a Servant in the Family, and now liv'd but a small Distance off. — His Behaviour seconding what his Letter had begun, she was now, more than ever, all his own ; and if he did not at that Time entirely compleat his Triumph over her Virtue, it was only because the old Woman, at whose House they met, fearing the Consequence, took care they should not have any Opportunity ; but he made so good use of the little Time he had to talk to her alone, that he obtained her Promise to follow him to Town, which she soon after did ; and the Effect of that Condescension was such as may easily be guess'd at. — He enjoy'd, forsook, and despis'd her, in less Time than it took in persuading her. — She is now undone in every Circumstance, and pity'd by all but him who occasion'd her Misfortunes.

Her

Her Sufferings are of a Nature which would oblige me to dwell longer in the Commiseration of them; but that I presume your Curiosity may be impatient for the Contents of the yet remaining Billets. I will make haste therefore to gratify it, for the Day is far spent, and before the close of it I have much to say. The next Letter, though an extraordinary one, need not be wonder'd at in this Island: The Contents whereof is as follows:

To the deceitful *MODERNO*.

“ IF my Actions had not too plainly]
 “ I testify'd the guilty Passion you have
 “ inspired me with, I should rather have
 “ chose to suffer in Silence, than by mak-
 “ ing you this Complaint, run the Risque
 “ of being more expos'd. — I am told
 “ it is a common Thing with you to
 “ betray, and after to ridicule the Wretch
 “ who gives Credit to your Insinuations;
 “ nor

“ nor can you blame me for believing a
 “ Report which brings with it its own
 “ Confirmation. ——— I have heard my
 “ own Words repeated — those foolish,
 “ fond Expressions which my ungovern’d
 “ Tenderness taught my unwary Tongue,
 “ when in your Arms I laugh’d at Ho-
 “ nour, and thought your Love a sufficient
 “ Recompence for Loss of Virtue, Fame
 “ and Grandeur, are made the Jest of
 “ your loose Companions. ——— They cri-
 “ ticize on all my soft Endearments, and
 “ construe each unguarded Sentence as
 “ they please. ——— This cannot be Sug-
 “ gestion — no, ’tis too true, and you
 “ are the most base, as well as most in-
 “ constant of Mankind. ——— Monster!
 “ Is it not enough that you have ru-
 “ ined me, that your cursed Artifices
 “ have drawn me from the best of Hus-
 “ bands, seduced me from all which ought
 “ to be dear or valuable to a Woman’s
 “ Soul? But you must also make a Sport
 “ of my Misfortune. ——— What have I
 “ done, that you should use me thus?

“ --Or

“ —Or, how dare you affront me in this
 “ Manner?—Believe me, I have a Mind
 “ as capable of Revenge as Love, and
 “ since deny’d the one, will have recourse
 “ to the other. — I expect your imme-
 “ diate Answer.—I wish it were in your
 “ Power to make Atonement for the
 “ Wrongs you have done me : There is
 “ nothing I so passionately wish, as that
 “ there were a Possibility of renewing the
 “ Esteem I once had for you. — Write
 “ me your real Sentiments, that I may
 “ be assur’d what it is you deserve from

ISABELLA.”

You perceive, that this is a Lady whose
 Complaisance for *Moderno* render’d, not
 only the Nuptial Tye, but all other Con-
 siderations also fruitless ; nor need I tell you
 what after ensued, the next will inform you,
 and save me the Pains of relating Circum-
 stances so detestable to a Person of Truth
 and Tendernefs. Another Letter, written
 in the same Character, and as follows.

To

To the most wicked of his Sex,
the unjust, ungrateful and
perjured *MODERNO*.

“ **D**ARE you then defy my Rage?
 “ Do you believe there is nothing
 “ to be fear’d from the just Indignation
 “ of a Woman, wrong’d as I have been?
 “ — Or if I should consent to be passive
 “ under the Indignities you have offer’d,
 “ do you not think high Heaven would
 “ revenge my Cause, and strike you dead
 “ with Lightning? — Villain, as you
 “ are, How have you Impudence to
 “ breathe the same Air with me, and per-
 “ sist in a Behaviour so different from
 “ what you have sworn! ——— But Oh,
 “ well may you despise and ridicule my
 “ enervate Resentment—you know, alas!
 “ I must depart the Island, and you will
 “ soon lose every Thing of me, but the
 “ bare Memory. — Yet, cruel Man,
 “ is not that enough? — Will not your
 “ Conscience be a worse Tormentor than

“ all

“ all the Fiends my Rage would muster
 “ up?—Will it not perpetually upbraid
 “ you with the Miseries you have brought
 “ on an unhappy Woman, who lov’d you
 “ more than Life?—Is it not for you that
 “ I am undone in my Reputation, in the
 “ Esteem of my Friends, in the World’s
 “ Friendship? — Have I not for you,
 “ lost forever the endearing Fondness of
 “ a Husband, whose every Grain was
 “ worth the Mass of your whole Family?
 “ —Have I not disgrac’d myself for-
 “ ever?—Has not the extravagant Profu-
 “ sion of my Love for you, depriv’d me
 “ of every Support of Life? — Am I
 “ not oblig’d to fly my native Country,
 “ and seek a wretched and uncertain De-
 “ pendance in a foreign Clime? — But
 “ what of all this? Have I not hazarded
 “ my eternal State, incurr’d the Sentence
 “ of everlasting Woe, and plung’d my
 “ Soul, as well as Body, in the deep
 “ Chasm of unceasing Horror?—And
 “ do you, —you, for whose Sake I am
 “ so cursed, despise me?—I cannot bear
 “ it—the Thought will bring Distraction.
 “ — If Wishes have the Power to blast
 “ you

“ you, depend you shall not long triumph
“ in the Ruin of

ISABELLA.

“ P. S. I embark this Night, and should
“ wish the Ship that bears me hence might
“ sink, and I go to the Bottom, if I were
“ certain my injur'd Ghost would have
“ the Power to haunt you, and curse
“ your Days and Nights, as you have
“ mine; —but whatever is denied to me,
“ may Hell, and its worst Furies do, and
“ not one Hour of future Peace attend you
“ —Restlessness—Distraction be your Por-
“ tion in this Life, and everlasting Horrors
“ in the next.

The next that offered itself to my per-
rusal, contained these Lines.

To the unkind, but ever-charm-
ing *MODERNO*.

“ **T**HERE is something so strangely
“ cruel, as well as unjust in your
“ late Behaviour, that I can't imagine how
“ you

“ you can answer it to your own Good-
 “ Nature.——If I entreated to see you
 “ on any mercenary Score, or had any o-
 “ ther Design in that Request, than mere-
 “ ly for the Pleasure I should receive in
 “ such an Interview, I should not wonder
 “ a Man who knows the World so well as
 “ *Moderno*, should refuse me.—But you
 “ are perfectly sensible I ask no other Return,
 “ than Love for Love ; and not to grant
 “ me that, nor give me any Reason why
 “ you will not, is ungenerous and ungrate-
 “ ful to the last Degree.——To avoid
 “ a Woman, whose Presence you so lately
 “ coveted, without even the Shadow of
 “ a Cause for such a Change of Treatment,
 “ is what in my Opinion can’t be account-
 “ ed for by Reason, Honour, or indeed
 “ even common Complaisance:——but
 “ I will trouble you no farther at this Time
 “ than to assure you I will not be con-
 “ demn’d unknowing of the Crime for
 “ which I am so, and if you delay to
 “ write or come, I will bring to your own
 “ House my too just Complaint——will
 “ up-

“ upbraid you in the Face of the whole
 “ World — will do every Thing my
 “ Tenderneſs will permit, to revenge the
 “ Injury you have done me. — Haſte
 “ then, my Dear, my ſweet Diſturber,
 “ to vindicate your own Honour and Gene-
 “ roſity, and ſave from Deſpair,

Your moſt paſſionately devoted

CLEORA.

I ſhall paſs now to the next, which
 contain'd theſe Words.

To the lovely *MODERNO*.

“ I Know not if you are enough acquaint-
 “ ed with your own Perfections, to
 “ be ſenſible of the Impreſſion they have
 “ made on me.—Nor might I perhaps
 “ appear conſiderable enough in your Eyes,
 “ for you to take notice of what elſe you
 “ muſt have certainly read in mine.—The
 “ Paſſion therefore which you have in-
 “ ſpir'd, being not of a Nature to endure
 “ Re-

“ Restraint, this comes to reveal it, and
 “ to tell you this Evening in the Palace-
 “ Garden about Ten, you may find a
 “ farther Explanation of the Meaning of
 “ her, who wishes no greater Blessing than
 “ to be Yours.

A L M A R I A.

There remains no more of any Consequence; beside, too much Time has been already spent on a Subject so trifling as *Moderno*. I shall therefore leave him, and proceed to others.

Villatus has an admirable Personage; yet he has a Soul far unworthy of the Case in which it is inshrined: There is none so vile, whom, for Interest, he will not basely fawn on; nor any so much below him, whom, to make instrumental to his Gains, he will not treat as his Superiors. — He married a Lady of Birth equal to his own, but denies her every Thing befitting her Quality; and on her refusing to come into some Measures to which her Spirit rendered

render'd her averſe, obliges her to live in a lonely Country-Houſe, a great Diſtance from all her Friends and Relations, ſcarce allowing her an Equipage fit for the Wife of a private Gentleman.—But notwithſtanding his Neglect of her he ought to love, he is not inſenſible of Beauty—he is accounted one of the moſt amorous of the Nobility : and 'tis certain, to gratify his Inclinations that Way, will make no ſcruple of ſacrificing every Thing but Money. — The Wives and Daughters of his neareſt Friends, or even Kindred, are not ſecure from his Sollicitations ; and numberleſs are the Families, whoſe Honour has been ſtain'd by his ſeducing Arts.

But the moſt remarkable, and worthy Commiſeration, was, that of *Bellengar* ; he was bred with *Villatus*, had been his Companion from his Childhood, came to this Iſland with him, for both are Foreigners—they were almoſt inſeparable—
and

and never had any one Man a greater Regard, a more true Respect, and disinterested Zeal to serve another, than he had for this *Villatus*: Knowing his Temper, he always took Care never to ask any other Favours of him, than such as it would cost him nothing to bestow, and by this Means preserved the Reputation of being lov'd by him; which Honour, it is probable, he still might have maintain'd, if his Inclinations had not led him to marry a young Lady of an extraordinary Beauty.

Villatus visited him on this Occasion, and no sooner saw the Bride, than he languished for her. — Insolent on his Quality, he made her an immediate Declaration of his Sentiments; which if she listen'd not to with that Pleasure which his Vanity had made him to expect, yet it was not with that Austerity which becomes a Woman of true Virtue:—He perceived he should find some Difficulty in obtaining her, but had no great Cause to despair he should gain his Point in the

End. — Knowing Opportunity and Importunity to be the two great Ruiners of the Sex, he gave not over the one, till he had found the other : — Happening to come one Evening, when her Husband was abroad, no Company with her, she in a languishing Posture, lying on a Couch, all undressed, and full of those destructive Softnesses which ordinarily inhabit the Breasts of the Young and Gay, he let not slip the lucky Moment ; but pressing her with all the Force of vigorous Desire, with strenuous Embraces, rendering the Efforts she made to rise of no Effect, and stopped with Kisses the Breath she would have made Use of in Reproaches for the Liberties he took, in a short Time compleated his Design, and finish'd her Undoing.

The Transport over, he wanted not enough to say in Excuse of the Violence he had been guilty of. — Never was the Name of Cupid more prophan'd than in this Scene of Perjury and Deceit, and

so much Regard the Fair Sex still pay him, that few of them but are willing to pardon all the Faults they think occasioned by his Influence. — Madam *de Bellengar* forgave his Crime, and was, without much Difficulty, prevail'd on to permit he should repeat the sweet Offence.

This fine Woman had more Beauty than Discretion ; and though she was not a Fool, suffer'd her Vanity so much to overcome her considerable Faculty, that the Pleasure of being belov'd by a Man of *Villatus's* Quality and Figure, seem'd of greater Value than her Reputation : This Humour, join'd with the little Regard he had for the Honour of any Woman he had deluded, made them not so cautious as they ought to have been : The Affair was soon made publick, and *Bellengar* was not the last who perceiv'd it.

The Grief which seiz'd his Soul at this Discovery, cannot very easily be conceiv'd ;

had any other Man injur'd him in this Manner, he would have endeavour'd to repair it by the Blood of the Offender; but the Obligations he had receiv'd from *Villatus*, tied his Hands.—He contented himself therefore, for some Time, with secretly reproaching his Wife: But finding all his Admonitions vain, that she continued her Assignations with the injurious destroyer of the Honour of them both; and that in so publick a Manner, that his Patience grew the Jest of all who knew him; the abus'd Gratitude and Tenderneſs which had ſo long with-held him, now gave Way to juſt Reſentment and Deſire of Vengeance.

He made it his Buſineſs to find out the exact Place and Time of their Meeting; and as ſoon as his Emiſſary, employ'd for that Purpoſe, brought an Account they were together, flew to the Rendezvous, and forcibly entering the Chamber they were in, accoſted them with Language befitting the Wrong they had done him

him; and, too furious to attend the Ceremony of a formal Challenge, told *Villatus*, he must prepare that Moment to defend the Indignity he had offered, or expect to fall a Sacrifice to the Honour he had violated.

This Threat was accompany'd by an Attempt to execute what it meant; and *Villatus*, who at the Sight of him guess'd the Intent of his Coming, had his Sword out almost as soon as the other: They made several Passes at each other, in one of which *Villatus*, having more good Fortune than Justice on his Side, disarm'd his Adversary, before the Cries of Madam *de Bellengar* had drawn the People of the House, to prevent what Mischief the Fury of both seem'd to threaten.

They came in, however, in good Time for the defenceless Husband, who was on the Point of being stabb'd by *Villatus*, after he had dropt his Sword: The Presence of so many Witnesses, who, perhaps, might not all of them be of a Prin-

ciple to be brib'd to Secresy in a Case so detestable as Murder, was all that preserv'd him from the Rage of the detected *Villatus* : But as a late happily inspir'd Poet says,

Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done
the Wrong.

He had gone too far in his Ill-Treatment of *de Bellengar*, to hope he ever could be reconcil'd.—He knew it was impossible for him to be any other than an implacable Ill-wisher, and resolv'd to put it out of his Power to do him any further Mischief than that of enervate Railing.—He went immediately to the Sovereign, and made a Complaint, that being retir'd in pursuit of his private Pleasures, *Bellen-gar* had broke in upon him, assaulted his Life, and had wanted but very little of sacrificing him to his Malice. The Great and Powerful are never at a Loss for Friends to second any Request they shall make ; *Villatus* had Interest enough to be the Ruin of the little Fortune of this

unhappy Gentleman, as he before had been of his Tranquillity. He was tried by Judges wholly devoted to the Service of his Enemy and being convicted of an Assault against *Villatus*, his Superior and Patron, his Estate was seiz'd on as a Forfeit for his Crime, and himself condemn'd to languish the Remainder of his Days in Banishment.

The Ill-fated and unfaithful Wife, during the whole Procceeding, remain'd wholly passive, nor mov'd, nor spoke in vindication of a Husband, undone by her Perfidy and Ingratitude. So much had the Artifices of the Prince won her to his Side, that she wish'd for nothing more than to be eternally freed from the Sight of a Man, who, she was sensible, could not look on her but with Horror; not doubting but she should find from her protesting Lover a Support as magnificent as her Pride and Vanity could ask: But, alas! how was she deceived, how in a Moment did all her gilded Expectations vanish? *Bellengar* gone, her Evidence no longer

longer fear'd, and her Charms, by repeated Enjoyments, no longer desirable, she found herself immediately the most wretched Creature on Earth; not only all the Friends of *Bellengar*, but those also who had formerly been her own, too well acquainted with her Behaviour in this Affair, shunn'd her Society, refused her all Assistance; and despis'd by him who had ruin'd her, and justly hated by all the World beside, she fell into Miseries, such as even the Crime which brought them on, could not render unpitiable.

Retaining still too much of her former Pride, to submit to a less mean Way of Life than she had been accusom'd, she run excessively in debt, was thrown into Prison; where receiving no Relief, she was near perishing for Want of common Necessaries, when a Fellow-sufferer, who had long been in the same Place, and was at last deliver'd by the Kindness of his Friends, happen'd to feel the Influence of her Beauty, which, even in this Distress, had some Remains of its once attractive Force:

Force : ——— He pretended his own Debts to be much greater than they were, and by that Means paid Part of her's, and got her Discharge at the same Time his own was sign'd. ——— She could do no less than make him all the Retributions he desired for so unexpected a Redemption.

She liv'd some Time with him as a Mistress, but he marrying, she was again driven to seek a Way of Subsistence ; and fearing to fall into the same Condition, from which his Passion had releas'd her, she threw off all Notions of Honour, and grew a common Prostitute. In that wretched and abhorred State, she now drags on an odious Life, which, in all probability, must soon be finish'd by a Disease, as loathsome as the Crime, whose Punishment it is.

Yet so impossible is it for the Great and Rich to have any Faults, that notwithstanding the Pain this unhappy Lady sustains, through the Delusions of *Villatus* ;

notwithstanding the Contempt he since has had for the Sufferings he occasion'd, there is a Gentleman now courting his Favour, and bowing to him with the Appearance of the Higheſt Regard, who is her near Relation. — But indeed it is not much to be wonder'd at, that he ſhould worſhip any Thing for Intereſt, when he can conſent to throw one of the moſt lovely Women in the World, and one whom, till he debauch'd her Principles, was the beſt of Wives, into the Arms of an old Court-Leacher, who in Exchange beſtow'd a Place on him of about two thouſand Pounds a Year. — What will not theſe wretched Iſlanders do for Intereſt! What Senſe have they of preſent Shame, or future Punishments! — Does not one of the firſt of their Nobility neglecting the Embraces of his almoſt Virgin Bride, live in Pollution with his own Siſter? — Has not another prostituted his Daughter?

Adultery and Incest are grown common Crimes, and scarce wear any other Name than that of venial Transgressions.——

And well indeed may these appear less monstrous, when there's a reigning Sin yet more unnatural; more horrid than Hell, or any Fiend but Man, has Power to invent. —— But this Vice is of a Kind too monstrous for any but the Damn'd, by whose Accusation they must hereafter be sentenc'd by the infernal Judges to describe.





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
B E L L A T U S.



BELLATUS, a Man of Quality, whose Ancestors for many Ages past have been esteem'd among the Prime of the Nobility. ——— Wisdom and Valour seem'd inherent to the Family, till this unworthy Branch of it gave a Testimony to the contrary. ——— Not any of his Predecessors render'd themselves more conspicuous for Bravery, Magnanimity of Mind, and every Virtue of Humanity, than he has made himself for Luxury, the
most

most dissolute Debauchery, and all the Vices which corrupt Mankind, and disgrace the Designs of Nature.

Early he devoted himself to that Demon who, usurps the Name of Love, and betimes became a Proficient in the Arts of Hell.—His very Name struck Terror to the Soul of every modest Maid, and at his Presence the less guilty, even of his own Sex, withdrew themselves, as fearing the Infection of his contagious Conversation and Behaviour.

It was with an Infinity of Grief, that the noble Lord his Father, observ'd in him his Propensity to Vice; and tho' he was the eldest born of all his numerous Off-spring, and Heir to Possessions which are inferior to few in this Island, sent him to the Wars, hoping the Toils of a Campaign would mortify in him those over-boiling Heats which Luxury and Idleness at home had but too much indulged; or that some Blow might take him from the World, and save his
Fa-

Family from that Dishonour his Carriage seem'd to threaten. — But *Fate* and *Jupiter*, for some Reasons unknown to Mortals, thought not fit to grant his Prayers Success.

The young *Bellatus*, instead of profiting by the Dangers in which he daily was involved, grew but more hardened in his Contempt of Heaven. — The more he saw of Death, the less he seem'd to fear it; and that Brutal Courage he was possessed of, only served to make him more bold in Ill, as despising any Punishment which the Law or those in Power might inflict on him.

The first Proof he gave of the little Regard he had to what might happen hereafter, was indulging his present Appetite in the Rape of a young Maid of Quality, Daughter to the Governour of a Fort where he kept Garison; and when detected of the Crime, was so far from excusing it, that he told the afflicted Father, He was only sorry to find him-

himself cooped up in a Place which afforded him no more Variety of Prey; but that if he had any more Daughters, or Nieces, worth debauching, wish'd he would send for them, that he might instruct them in their Mother's Trade.

The Injury and Insult warming the Old Man to a Desire of Vengeance, having summoned the Libertine before a Court of Judicature, and being able to procure no Satisfaction of him by Reason of his Quality, and the Post he held there, sent him a Challenge, which the other accepted of — he added to the Daughter's Ruin the Father's Blood. — But escaping for that, as he had done for the other, in a short Time after, the beautiful Wife of an inferior Officer became the Sacrifice of his unbounded Lust. — He ravish'd her in the most inhuman Manner that can be imagin'd: Having by a Stratagem decoy'd her into the Room where her Husband usually kept Guard, but was now sent
into

into the Town on some Pretence :——
 He first in as mild Terms as his brutal
 Way of expressing himself would admit
 of, acquainted her with his Desires ;
 which she refusing to comply with,
 he compell'd two of his Soldiers to
 hold her , while he perpetrated his
 horrid Purpose, —— then left her
 to receive the same shocking Usage from
 them.

The unfortunate Husband, at his
 Return, found her in a Condition ra-
 ther dead than alive ; almost distracted
 at this killing Spectacle, which he too
 soon knew the meaning of, meditated
 nothing but Revenge ; — and the next
 Morning, when the cruel *Bellatus* was
 reviewing the Troops in a Field behind
 the Fort, discharged a Pistol loaded with
 Bullets at him ; — but missing his Aim,
 was secur'd and thrown into Prison,
 where, in a short Time, he died of
 Grief.

Numberless are the Crimes of the same Kind, which this Shame of Manhood has committed. ——— Wholly lawless, delighting in Rapes, Murders, and every Act of Cruelty ——— a sad Account of his Behaviour reach'd his unhappy Father's Ears, who distracted that he had begot such a Monster, try'd every Way to reclaim or punish him; but both Endeavours being ineffectual, he sent for him, vainly hoping his Presence might be some Curb to his unruly Nature: but, alas! he found himself so far deceiv'd, that unable to endure the Sight of his prophane Enormities, he banish'd him his House; but that he look'd on rather as a Happiness, than the contrary, for having a great Estate left him by his Mother, and which it is not in the Power of the old Lord to dispossess him of, he bought a stately Dwelling, where, for many Years, he has liv'd in a continued Scene of Lewdness, and the most profligate Debauchery.

Gay in successful Mischief, and triumphing in his Crimes, too long, indeed, have the Prayers and Invocations of the Injur'd in vain been offer'd up to Heaven; but now the Time is come, when every Maid by him undone, shall have her utmost Vengeance on the detested Ruiner. — It is in this Manner brought about.

The Wretch, regardless of the Ties of Blood or Friendship, has frequently attempted the Virtue of those of his nearest Kindred, nor did he ever bear a sufficient Value for a Man, to prevent him from using his most vigorous Endeavours to corrupt his Wife or Daughter. — A young Gentleman, however, whose Name is *Beaumont* being by some unhappy Chance brought into his Acquaintance, flatter'd himself that he was really so well in his Esteem, that nothing could induce him to do an unhandsome Action by him.

In this Confidence, one Night as they were talking of their Amours, he rashly let him

him into the Secret of his Passion for a most beautiful Virgin called *Felicia*, and extoll'd her Charms in Terms so warm and lively that the other, whose Heart like Tinder the least Spark would kindle into a Flame, began immediately to blaze with the hottest Fires of Lust : But as he wanted not Artifice to disguise his Thoughts whenever he knew the revealing of them would be a Prejudice, he seem'd not to take the least Notice of the Encomiums which the unthinking Lover gave this Idol of his Soul ; but sily drawing from him her Name, and the Place of her Abode, set his inventive Brain to work by what Means he should undermine him, and ruin her.

He consider'd, that if he should make court to her, 'twas possible his Character would rob him of those Advantages which his Quality might else have given him over his Rival ; besides, he imagin'd by some part of *Beaumont's* Discourse, that

he

he was already very much in her Favour ; and these two Articles made him with Reason doubt that she would not only expose his Infidelity to his Friend, but also oblige her not to see him after such a Declaration : He therefore thought it best to seize her unawares, and by bearing her to a Place where she should have none to assist her, satiate his Desires at once, without giving her the Caution to avoid him.

Having made a strict Enquiry into what Places she frequented, he was told by the Emissaries he employ'd, that she seldom miss'd paying her Devotions at the Temple once a Day. — This Information made him set Persons to watch her coming forth ; and one Morning, when she happen'd to go out alone, two of the Wretches who had been accustomed to serve him in the like villainous Expeditions, seiz'd on her as she was passing thro' a private Street, and the one stopping her Mouth, and catching her

her in his Arms, while the other cry'd out the poor Lady was in a Fit, carried her in that Manner to *Bellatus*, who waited a few Paces off in a Coach ; the Fellow had before-hand Instructions where to drive, and being dragg'd into a House which he kept on purpose for such Affairs, was without any Ceremony, or preparatory Excuses, compell'd to suffer what her Soul most abhorr'd.

She had seen the Ravisher at many publick Places, though unmark'd by him, and swore Revenge on him as far as Revilings, and exposing the Action he had been guilty of could inflict: But, alas ! Reputation was the least of his Concern, and he coolly told her, That tho' he would be glad she would forgive him, because he should then have Hope of renewing, by her own consent, the Joys he lately had forced from her, yet her Indignation would be of little service toward her future Security, for that when
he

he was determin'd on any Thing, she saw he knew the Way to compass it, and that if she did not agree to give him another Meeting, she must expect a second Rape.

Imagine to yourself what a Woman nicely virtuous in her Principles, chaste in her Constitution, and who besides was passionately enamour'd of *Beaumont*, must feel at such an entire ruin of his Hopes and her own Honour, and spare me the Pains of repeating the Exclamations she made.——Thought may arrive at some Part of her Distraction, but Words can never paint it as it ought.——But this Monster of Cruelty and Inhumanity made a Mockery at her Complaints, and with most unmanly Insolence scoff'd at her Lamentations; pleas'd with the Beauties of her Person, and insensible and despising the Agonies of her Mind, he kept her with him all that Day and Night, and great Part of the other also, resolved to glut
Desire,

Desire, and riot in the repeated Possession of his Wishes.

At last, quite sated with the luscious Banquet, he sent her home under the convoy of those Fellows who had brought her to him, who no sooner conducted her to the Door of the House where she liv'd, than they jump'd into the Coach again, and drove away with all imaginable speed, by that Means depriving her of the Satisfaction she had form'd in her Mind of obtaining Justice on these Assistants of her Undoing.

At her return she found the poor *Beaumont*, who amazed and frightened at her long Absence, had scarce ever left the House since she had been out of it.—The Sight of him would have given an increase of Woe to her afflicted Soul, had the State she was in been of that Nature which cou'd admit of any.—But, alas! hers was too terrible to receive Addition.
—As

—As soon as she perceived him, what the Disorder of her whole Form, her ruffled Robes, dishevel'd Hair, and streaming Eyes, had not the Power to inform him, her incoherent Words, and wild Exclaimings on the Name of *Bellatus* too soon explain'd.

It is as little in the Compass of Language to express the Horror which at the Knowledge of this Misfortune surrounded his whole Soul, as it is to tell you what hers endur'd.—At first, the Tempest of his Grief was dumb ; Amazement and Confusion stopp'd all Utterance ! But when it found a Vent, how loud, how fiercely did it rage ! even Madness would but meanly represent his Fury ! He would have ran that Moment, and made *Bellatus* the Sacrifice of his Resentment, tho' his own Life had paid the Purchase of it ; but *Felicia* opposing it, and also telling him that she could give no Directions in what Part of the Town that cursed House was, where she had left him,

him situated; he was at last prevail'd on to study some less dangerous Method for Revenge. — Malice is, for the most Part, ingenious enough to compass what it aims at, and that he was possess'd of, being inspir'd by the most poignant Injury that Mortality can sustain, grew proportionably keen, and certainly nothing could be more subtil in the Contrivance, nor terrible in the Execution, than the Stratagem which he found out for the Punishment of that vile Prophaner of the sacred Names of Love and Friendship.

It was in this Maner inflicted. He obliged *Felicia* to write a Letter to *Bellatus*, counterfeiting a Desire of Reconciliation with him. — It was not in her Power to dissemble so far, tho' she knew on what Account she was to do it, and he dictating on another Piece of Paper what he would have said; she copied it over afterwards; the Words were as follow:

I

To

To Count *BELLATUS*.

“ **T**HE Manner in which we parted,
 “ may well make it seem strange
 “ to you to receive a Billet from me of
 “ this Nature, — But if you consider,
 “ on the one Side, the Methods you
 “ took to gain me, and the little Pains
 “ you were at to inspire me with that
 “ Passion which alone can render an In-
 “ trigue such as ours excusable, you
 “ will not wonder that a Virgin, bred
 “ up in the strictest Rudiments of Honour,
 “ should suffer a shock of Soul greater
 “ indeed than Language can express.
 “ — But on the other, when you reflect
 “ on the Weakness of our Sex, and how
 “ impossible it is to forget the Transports
 “ of a first Enjoyment, especially with
 “ a Man so form’d to charm, you can-
 “ not be surprized to find my Resentment
 “ not immortal. — I am sensible that
 “ I ought, but cannot hate you, and
 “ confess that nothing is so dreadful
 “ to

“ to me, as the Apprehension you find
 “ in me no Charms to engage you to the
 “ Continuance of an Acquaintance with
 “ me.——But remember, my Lord!
 “ that you have undone me, that I have
 “ yet known nothing but the brutal Part
 “ of Passion; the more refined and ten-
 “ der Extasies of Desire might, perhaps,
 “ make me satisfied with what has hap-
 “ pen’d.——’Tis too much to be lost
 “ to Virtue and to Love at once.——
 “ Oh! therefore, let the softest Ardors
 “ of the latter make some amends for
 “ the Ruin of the former.—— Content
 “ yourself with the Triumph you have
 “ made of my Honour; destroy not
 “ my eternal Peace, but resolve to bless
 “ with your Affection her who else must
 “ be in all Respects,

The most Wretched,

and Undone

FELICIA.

“ P. S. One thing I depend on your
 “ Honour and Generosity to grant ;
 “ which is, that you will not acquaint
 “ *Beaumont* with the History of what
 “ you have done. — You know he long
 “ has solicited me on the most warrant-
 “ able Terms, and is a Match which,
 “ if Love and Shame would give me
 “ leave, my Interest would oblige me
 “ to accept. — Let me therefore know
 “ what you Design for me, but let your
 “ Answer be more the Dictates of your
 “ Heart, than Complaisance. Adieu,
 “ too dear Undoer.”

You will be surprized, perhaps, at
 the Stile of this Letter, as not being
 able to imagine for what Reason the
 unhappy Lover should oblige his Mis-
 tress to write in this Manner ; but you
 will immediately perceive that there was
 an absolute necessity to carry on their
 Design — that *Bellatus* should believe
Beaumont to be ignorant of the Affair,
 which he could not do without imagining

Felicia

Felicia half satisfied with her Rape, and unwilling to divulge or to revenge it. The Letter was sent by a Servant of that afflicted Lady, and in a small Time return'd with this Answer from *Bel-latus*.

To the lovely *FELICIA*.

“ **I** T was a Surprize indeed your Billet
 “ gave me, but it was the most pleas-
 “ ing one I ever felt in my whole Life.
 “ — I am so far from being satiated
 “ with the Blessing of your Embraces,
 “ that I long for nothing more than to
 “ renew that Felicity ; which will be new
 “ to me, not only because Charms such
 “ as yours must be ever so, but also be-
 “ cause you give me Hope of enjoy-
 “ ing that thro’ Inclination, which be-
 “ fore I was Master of but by Compul-
 “ sion. — Your Readiness to pardon
 “ what I have done, discovers you to be
 “ a Woman of Sense and Spirit, both
 which

“ which are the Perfections I would wish
 “ in her I love, and have too great a
 “ Sway with me, not to make my Passion
 “ lasting as it is fervent. Time can
 “ only prove the first, but the latter,
 “ my dear relenting Charmer shall ex-
 “ perience this very Night, if she will
 “ favour me with an Opportunity.—
 “ Let me know your Resolution without
 “ Reserve or Scruple, which are needless
 “ where you have a Lover like

The Faithful, and ever

Passionately Affectionate

BELLATUS.

O may the Fiends with their severest
 Whips reward such Faith, such passionate
 Affection! (cry'd *Beaumont*, as soon as
 he had read the Letter, transported with
 the most violent Rage.) The poor *Fel-
 icia* join'd with him in Curses; by which
 having a little vented the Fury of their
 over

over-charg'd Souls, they set themselves down to prepare a second Mandate, which was to this effect.

To the agreeable C O U N T
B E L L A T U S.

“ **H**OW ready are we to believe what
“ we passionately desire! ——— I
“ receive your Promises of Fidelity as I
“ do the Articles of my Religion, and
“ devote myself to Cupid as to Jupiter.
“ ——— This Night, since Inclination
“ prompts, and Business will permit,
“ I shall gladly expect you at my own
“ House, about twelve a-Clock, when
“ all the Servents being dismiss'd, except
“ one who I dare make my Confidante,
“ you may safely steal to the Bed and
“ Arms of

Your too much Enamour'd

F E L I C I A.

This

This Epistle being dispatch'd, *Beaumont* left for some Hours the distress'd *Felicia*, but before Evening, return'd with a Creature who made a Trade of prostituting herself to as many as thought her worth their purchase. — By a long Series of Debauchery she was become so much diseased, that it was scarce possible to touch her without being contaminated.

This Wretch being first wash'd and perfum'd, was laid into *Felicia's* Bed; where being instructed how to act, she waited the approach of him who was to pay dearly for the short-liv'd Transports of her polluted Embraces. — The Hour being arriv'd, *Felicia* and *Beaumont* waiting in a low Parlour, heard the perfidious *Bellatus* enter the House; where the Waiting-Maid, as she was order'd, told him as soon as he came in, that a Relation of her Lady's being unexpectedly come to Town, he must excuse the Darkness and Silence with which he was receiv'd

ceiv'd ; but that her Mistress was in Bed, and if he pleas'd to follow her, she would conduct him to her.

Not yet surfeited with the Charms of the real *Felicia*, he easily swallow'd the Bait, and hasted to the pernicious Embraces of the supposed one.—Earnestly did *Beaumont*, who staid all Night with the dear ruin'd Object of his Affections, condoling their mutual Wretchedness, long to surprize the base Destroyer of his Hopes in this Scene of Shame ; passionately did he wish to fall on him with all the Upbraidings his Treachery deserv'd : but the Persuasions of *Felicia*, fearing some fatal Catastrophe of so just an Indignation on the one Side, and convicted Villany on the other, prevail'd with him not to appear before him.—But though the Commands of this supreme Mistress of his Soul were ever sacred, I know not if at this Juncture they would have had Force to have with-held him, if the Consideration that the Discovery of the Cheat put on him in passing another Woman on

him for *Felicia* might not have overthrown all they had done for Revenge.——It was possible he might indeed have guessed at the Design laid for him; and by early applying himself to a skilful Physician, have escaped great Part of those rack-ing Agonies they intended for him, and which he at this Instant groans under.

Early in the Morning, before the rosy Chariot of *Aurora* had dispell'd those sable Shades which bar the Eye's Distinction, the counterfeit *Felicia* told him, he must take his leave, because having Company in the House more than her own Family, some of the Servants might probably be stirring sooner than was their usual Custom

With much Persuasions he complied with her Request, and was let out of the House by the Maid who had introduc'd him.——The Courtezan receiv'd from *Beaumont* a handsome Reward for having been the Instrument of his Revenge, which being assur'd by her that he wou'd
see

fee in a short Time, was compleated in as ample a Manner as he could wish: he went to visit *Bellatus* with his usual freedom, and diffembling those inward Agitations which rose in his Soul at Sight of him, propos'd going a little Journey into the Country; it was to a Place, he told him, which was extremely pleasant, and that to the Beauties of Nature there were also added all manner of Diversions, such as good Game for Hunting and Shooting, a fine Plain for Horse-racing, and Assemblies stored with fresh Country Girls.

All these were Temptations not to be resisted by a Man who thought of nothing but indulging every Appetite to the utmost Degree of Luxury, and the next Day was agreed on for their setting out. — He had the good Manners (which was something extraordinary in him) to take his leave of *Felicia* by Letter; which she, still carrying on the Design, answer'd in Terms as obliging.

The

The Motive which induced *Boaumont* to draw him into the Country, was, that the Heat of Riding might more enflame the Distemper with which he had caus'd him to be infected ; and that being in a Place where there were no Physicians, or at least such whose Art was not to be depended on, his whole Mass of Blood should be corrupted before he could have any Relief.

The End answer'd his Expectations, *Ballatus* had not been above three or four Days in that Place, before he found himself disorder'd in a Manner he knew not presently how to account for. ———

Stange Stings ran throgh every vital Part ——— each litle Fibre felt convulsive

Forments ——— a consuming Fire prey'd on his Heart, and mounting to his Head, shot madding Anguish to his Brain. ——— What can he now do ?

——— Where can he find ease ? ———
In vain to cooling Streams he runs :

the

the internal Flames but blaze the more,
 the more they are oppos'd. — In
 vain rich Cates invite his sickly Taste.
 — He now is without Appetite, without
 Desire, and has no longer any Sense but
 that of feeling Pain.

Post-Horses were dispatch'd to fetch Physicians from the City, who when they came, and examining into the Nature of the Disease, found it was of that fierce and terrible Kind, that it must be but by a long Course of Prescriptions, if ever he did, that he found Relief. A Litter being prepar'd, he was brought to Town, and all possible Means applied for his Recovery ; but the corroding Poison of this unnatural Distemper has gain'd too secure a Possession ever to be remov'd. — Ulcers devour his Flesh, Rottenness consumes his Bones. — A dreadful Martyr to Lust, he curses now the Pleasure he once courted with so much Eagerness. — Yet ignorant from what polluted Source he drew the Contagion, and
 little

little suspecting the Cheat put on him by *Felicia* and *Beaumont* ; the latter has the Satisfaction to hear his Groans, and see his Pains.

Long he cannot live to endure them ; and when he descends to dwell to all Eternity among those Fiends who have been his Abettors. here, must learn to bear severer Tortures from the Vengeance of the offended Gods, than on Earth has been inflicted on him by *Beaumont's* Artifice. The for-ever undone *Felicia* is since retir'd to the Temple of *Vesta*, where she designs to pass the remainder of her wretched Days.





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F T H E

Count *Beltrade*, *Hortensia*, and
Madam *De Rochelle*.



NEVER was mortal Man endued with greater Perfections both of Mind and Body than the accomplish'd Count *Beltrade*: He has a Person which the nicest Eye can find no Blemish in, and an Understanding so extensive, that it is scarce possible to talk to him on any Topick, or in any Language to which he is a Stranger ; yet is he never absolute in enforcing any Argument ; and, tho' perfectly

fectly convinc'd of the Truth of his Assertions, endeavours rather to persuade than impose what he would have believ'd.— But indeed he is rarely put to the Tryal how far he can endure Contradiction, because he has that prevailing Manner of uttering what he means, that were he to defend even Falsehoods, it would be in such a Manner as would put Truth itself out of Countenance and unable to reply.

More lovely, and more wise than Words can speak, or even Thought conceive, did he, for a long Race of Years; triumphant scorn the Power of Love, admired by all, himself admiring none; till at the last, Cupid's watchful Darts found one revenging Moment, and pierc'd him to the Soul.—*Hortensia* the brightest Maid that *Britain* e'er could boast, forsook her native Shore, to gain new Conquests here! a thousand noble Youths confess'd her Power of charming, and Night and Day offer'd incessant Orisons to the God of Love: — Never was
he

he more fervently implor'd than on the Account of this transcendent Beauty, nor did he ever with more Reluctance deny Requests so humble and sincere—but Fate assisting the ill Genius of this unhappy Charmer, compel'd the God to be unjust and cruel to the most faithful of his Votaries, and give the Prize to the all-conquering *Beltrode*.

But he, ungrateful for the Bounty, no sooner found Love's Inspiration in her Eyes, heard it in her trembling Accents, and grew assur'd each bar which might oppose his Wish, was quite dissolv'd; than he abjur'd the Influence of Love, banish'd her his Breast, and, in his Room, receiv'd that hateful Demon Lust. — That Foe profess to Innocence and Virtue, who by the undistinguishing World is call'd Love, but by *Beltrode* could not be mistaken for him. — While I maintain'd my Empire o'er his Soul, he thought of *Hortensia* as the supremest Joy that Heaven cou'd give,

give, and never aim'd at more than to possess her by those Ways which Honour might approve——her Interest then, her Fame, her Happiness more than his own he wish'd —— but now, how vast the Change! the Gratification of his wild Desire, though by her Ruin, was his only Hope, —— Ungovernable Heats, Impatiencies, Deceits, supply'd the Place of humble Awe, and a disinterested Tenderness. —— He like'd, 'tis true, with an Extravagancy of Passion, —— wish'd with an unbounded Fervency for the Enjoyment of her lovely Person —— but it was a sort of Liking whose View was Selfish, and had no other Regard to the admir'd Object, than as she was form'd to afford Satisfaction to his present Humour.

Conscious of the Change, and of the Fiend he had entertain'd, he had however, knowing her perfect Modesty, the Artifice to hide it from her; and it was under Love's Umbrage, and in his Name, that he still continu'd to improve that fatal Kindness he had rooted in her
Breast

Breast——melted by his delusive Softness—at last it grew to that unhappy Height, of being unable to refuse him any Thing he should ask.

The charming Traitor soon discover'd and seiz'd the lucky Moment to undo her, and sunk in a Lethargy of sense-enflaving Pleasures, she lost all Memory of what she ow'd to Virtue or to Reputation ; while he, of both regardless, waited not Opportunity, nor consulted Secrecy, but gave a Loose to Passion, indulging wild Desire at Times and Places, which plainly demonstrated her publick Shame was of less Consequence to him, than the Disappointment of one intended luxurious Hour.

There were few Persons who had any acquaintance with either of them, that were insensible in what Manner they pass'd their Time together ; and those who had no other Knowledge of them than by Report, had also, with the Character of
their

their Perfections, this of their Failings too.

The Count was generally condemn'd, but *Hortensia*, by her own Sex, most prodigiously so.—Those who had envy'd, were glad of the Occasion to rail against a Rival, too potent for their feebleness Charms to vie with; and those who really admir'd her, were angry that a Woman who had been esteem'd in all other Things so perfect, should be guilty of a false Step, which might give the Men Reason to suspect, that those of an inferior Class of Understanding, would be less able to resist a Temptation, which she, with all her Stock of Wit, had not the Power to do.

The Intrigue for some Time engross'd the Discourse of the whole Town, and indeed was of much longer Duration than the Thing itself; the talkative Part of Mankind certainly find a Pleasure in censuring the Actions of others, which nothing else can equal; and had those.

Reflections made on the amorous Correspondence between these two ceas'd with the Cause, it had after appear'd no more than as a Dream.

The Passion with which *Beltrode* had been agitated, had too much Vehemence to be lasting, it aim'd but at Enjoyment, and in Enjoyment ended ; and *Hortensia* with all her Charms, was, after a few Nights in his esteem but as another Women :——he continu'd indeed to visit her, but so different was his Behaviour to her from what it was accusom'd, that she could not avoid seeing and lamenting the Error she had been guilty of, which she now found had rendered her too cheap ever to resume her former Value.

She repented it as Women commonly do in such Cases, wept, entreated, threatened, rail'd, by Turns, but sued and raged in vain.——She was now past the Power of giving, or denying ;——she had lavish'd away all her Power of creating
Hope

Hope or Fear, and must submit to that Fate she had often heard, and now experienc'd, was the inseparable Consequence of a too fond Belief of the Lover's Protestations, or vainer Dependence on Self-desert.

She was forsaken so suddenly, that as I have already said, she was the most unhappy in the Want of his Affections, at that Time the World said he most indulg'd them. — But when at last the Secret was reveal'd, when by his entirely absenting himself from her, and her apparent Despair, it was blaz'd abroad, that he lov'd her now no more; with what a Consternation was all who heard it struck! — what strange Conjectures were not form'd upon it! — How liable were they both to Calumnies which neither of them merited. — Some laid the blame on *Hortensia*, others on the Count; but the severest Censures fell on *Hortensia* — every body knew he had address'd her on honourable Terms, that

that she was a Fortune little inferiour to what he might expect ; but that if she had been more so, her Wit and Beauty very well made up for that Deficiency — it was therefore generally believed that he had discovered some Slip in the Dark which she had made, or he would either not have changed the Design of his Sollicitations, nor she accepted of any from him beneath those Terms on which he had at first declared himself her Lover.

Thus was this unhappy Lady undone, and for a great While had not so much as the Consolation of being pitied — what she endur'd, or in what Manner she supported the Miseries she labour'd under, would be tedious to relate — I will therefore only tell you, that her Sufferings were more than she had Philosophy to sustain : — And walking one Day full of despairing and disturb'd Reflections by the Sea-side,

in

a sudden Agony of Thought, she threw herself amidst the Waves, and there alone found Ease for hopeless Love, and Ruin ill repaid.

Beltrode had a Stock of Good-Nature, which never, but on this Lady's Account, had been forfeited, and to hear of so unexpected and so dreadful a Catastrophe, made him ready to do a Violence on his own Life ; and in so terrible a Manner was he afflicted, that to have exchanged Conditions with her, was a Woe infinitely short of what he felt—— he saw, or he fancy'd that he saw her ever before his Eyes. —— He neither could sit, walk, nor lie alone, and he became so altered in a short Time, that he was scarcely to be known. —— His fine and delicate Complexion wore now a death-like Paleness —— his sparkling Eyes were sunk and hollow, and all their shining Radiance extinct ——

his

—his once plump dimpled Cheeks were now fallen in, and lank, and had deep Furrows such as Age engraves.— His ever folded Arms, and drooping Head, seem'd with a Weight of Care too heavy for his Body, and bowed it down towards the Earth. — Nor was his Conversation any more the same — that gay, and sprightly Wit, — that eternal Vivacity which used to accompany his Discourse, was now changed to a heavy Dulness.—If he spoke at all, it was rather more displeasing than his Silence ; — for as before he took Care to render every Thing he said obliging, he now seem'd fond of creating only Chagrin. — In fine, there was nothing remained of the accomplish'd, admir'd *Beltrode*, but the Name.

Yet all this severe *Astrea* did not think a sufficient Punishment for the wrong he had done to *Hortensia* ; and whatever he suffered, unless he suffered

K

by

by that very Crime he had been guilty of himself, was too little an Expiation for Justice to allow as such. — He had a Mother whom from his Infancy he had lov'd with a Tenderneſs above the common Level of filial Affection — ſhe was not yet Old, he being not more than twenty-eight Years of Age when this Misfortune happen'd, and ſhe not exceeding fourteen when he was born; — the advantage of good Features and an excellent Complexion, made her appear younger than indeed ſhe was.

A Gentleman of a diſtinguiſh'd Rank had addreſs'd her, ſhe liſtened to him with Pleaſure — it was ſaid they were married — they liv'd together as Husband and Wife, and nobody queſtion'd their being ſuch nor call'd her by any Name but that of *Madam De Rochelle*, which was that of her ſuppoſed Husband — one Houſe, one Bed contained them for the Space of
two

two Years; at the End of which, taking an Occasion to quarrel, he flew from her, declar'd he had only join'd with her in imposing on the World; that the Ceremony of the Church had never pass'd between them, nor should any Consideration oblige him to permit it.

The Lady, who had ever been accounted the most virtuous and reserv'd of her Sex, could nor support the Shame which this Declaration, too just to be disprov'd, had drawn upon her; and in a raging Fit of Passion, after having attempted every Thing to bring him back, finding all her Endeavours vain, flew up to her Chamber, and before any of her Servants had the least Guess at her Intentions, taking off her Garter, and fastening it about her Neck, strangled herself.

The Odium her Death, and the Cause of it, threw on the Family, joined to
the

the Grief for losing a Mother in that Manner, whom he so tenderly lov'd, encreas'd his former Distraction for the Misfortune of *Hortensia*; and both together were very near driving him to an Imitation of what they did; and being prevented only by being continually watched, he lives in a Condition to which the worst of Deaths would be preferable.

Thus, you see how the Injuries he had done *Hortensia* were retorted on himself in the Person who was nearest and dearest to him — and there are few Men, who, like him, have been guilty of betraying the Innocent, who do not some Time or other feel the Woes they inflict. — Nor is it in this alone, all other Crimes bring on their Punishment, and if through the Partiality of Interest or Favour they escape that which is by Law decreed for them, they meet it in a severer Manner from the hand of Heaven —
—Triumph

Triumph may they a while, but Vengeance, long deferred, falls with the greater Weight, and he who thinks himself most safe, is often nearest to Destruction.

The Name of Love is now despis'd and Lust and Avarice, those undoing Harpys, honour'd and rever'd — by one, the innocent and unwary Virgin is seduced; by the other, the experienced Matron is betray'd to a Forgetfulness of her first Vows, and yields herself a Prey to mercenary Slavery. — Even Nature is depress'd by these two Fiends, and has no more the Power to operate — Where forbid Interest points the means of Gain, or Passion actuates the tempestuous Will, Sons against Fathers rise — Fathers renounce the Babes they lately blest; — Brother with Brother vies with inveterate Strife. — The Power of Blood and Kin, all Alliances, all Ties of Relative, or Obligations, lose their Force — their Desires self-centred, aim only at Self-Service — let them then enjoy

it, 'till Fate and Jupiter shall, by the
Glare of some unlook'd-for Woes, force
them at once to see their Crime and
Punishment.

What is become of all the mighty
Names which used to make this Island
Queen of Nations? — Where is the
Courage, which should awe their Foes?
—— Where the Wisdom, which
should invigorate their Counsels? —
Where's the Hospitality, the open Boun-
ty, the Charity, which made this Nation
once so famous? 'tis lost ——— 'tis
gone ——— and what is worse, those
very Virtues are perverted into Uses
the most detestable to Heaven.

All their Remains of Valour are Ta-
vern-Broils; ——— their only Proofs
of Wisdom are Artifice, and basely cir-
cumventing each other; ——— and their
Liberality known but in Brothels, the
Benefit of common Prostitutes and Pan-
ders.

25 AP 65

F I N I S.

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